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/For the text of origin myths and stories illustrating the supernatural, see category 116, pp. 295-360 and pp. 619-692./

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dancers. *Sninia* differs from most supernatural beings in having his residence in this world instead of in the land above. 776*

Among the beings dwelling in the upper region are a number of *Xemxemtnum*, whose function it is to ask the sun to appear every day. It travels without their assistance, but if they neglected to arouse it, darkness would prevail all day. The only knowledge of these beings is derived from information given by the first people; they have not been seen by mortals since early days and do not act as patrons for *kusiut* dancers. [821]

Heat and Cold are regarded by the Bella Coola as anthropomorphic beings, but their beliefs concerning them have not become crystallized, perhaps because of their non-appearance as patrons of *kusiut* dancers. The following story is told of the annual meeting of Heat and Cold. 776* 821 539

Every spring Cold, *Snuikulut*, meets Heat, *Sqwälälus*, in some undefined locality and says:

"You will not be welcome in the place to which you are going [the earth]. I have just come from there. People like to get up on cool mornings to start work, they won't pay any attention to you."

But *Sqwälälus* replies: "No. They will welcome me. Everyone prefers to spend a few extra minutes in bed in the mornings. It is pleasant to do so when it is warm, hence I shall be welcome in spite of the eagerness of mankind for work."

In spite of its apparent definiteness, this account is regarded merely as a story, and it is doubtful if any historical accuracy is attached to it. The Bella Coola laugh when it is told, and the irony of the conversation is not lost on them.

S'ps', the Cold Wind, is another anthropomorphized being belonging to the realm of stories rather than to that of everyday life and profound belief. His wife is *Alälä*, and their child is Ice. On a cold morning, if a Bella Coola finds ice on liquid left in a bucket or other container, he warms it at a fire until he can lift off the sheet, and throws it out of the door, saying as he does so: "*Alälao··*,[1] your child has become cold." 776* 821

Both the North Wind and his wife, *ulurnaa·i*, whose home [773]

[1] The vocative form of this word.

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encountered on land, but the sea likewise is the home of anthropomorphic creatures. Far beneath the surface is a land much like the earth, inhabited by people resembling humans who sometimes assist a drowning person. The mysteries of this undersea world are known to the Bella Coola chiefly through accounts handed down from generation to generation, though its inhabitants have often appeared at the surface. Their hair is long and somewhat reddish, their bodies are hairless, and their faces are in many cases stained with black. One man stated that about three years before a Japanese, fishing near Namu, had caught in his net one of these people, a girl about two years old. He drew her into his boat, where she squatted on the bottom, docile and submissive. After a time the fisherman became frightened and threw his captive overboard. The Bella Coola say that the Bella Bella, greater seafarers than themselves, have more extensive knowledge of these undersea dwellers.

Similar, if not identical, beings live beneath rivers and lakes; they have often been seen on the surface, and occasionally, long, long ago, certain fortunate individuals saw their houses. Accounts of such are embodied in Bella Coola mythology and will be described later. The following can be considered an example of a simple type:

About three hundred years ago, *Lewumxwumlaix*, a Kimsquit fisherman, built a pier-like framework, projecting into the Dean River, on which to stand while fishing for salmon with a long-handled[11] scoop-net. One August day he was using his net when, after a number of successful sweeps, it became very heavy. As the net came to the surface he found, to his amazement, that a small boy was hanging on the rim. A number of people who had been watching from the shore, called to him to throw away his net with its uncanny haul. Heedless of this advice, *Lewumxwumlaix* tried to lift his net and, on finding it too heavy, began to draw it through the water so as to drag it out on the shore. All went well for the first few yards, till suddenly the boy shoved against the net, pushing the fisherman into the water on the other side of the pier. Immediately the supernatural one vanished from sight. As the bystanders rushed to

[11] The handles of nets of this type are said to have been about thirty feet in length.

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the rescue of *Lwumxwumlaix* they saw him being carried downstream to a salmon-weir about three hundred yards below. The trap was raised at once, but it was too late; the rash fisherman was dead. No one could give a name to the supernatural being who had caused his death; it was merely one of those dwelling under the river.

Whales, too, are sometimes observed in the rivers, but though they appear to resemble those of the ocean they are really their supernatural prototypes.

These human-like dwellers beneath the water can, as in this case, cause death, but they are usually regarded as uncanny rather than dangerous. But there is one undersea being whom the Bella Coola regard with unmixed awe; he is *Łəmoqwa* (see Plate 10), lord of the supernatural ones beneath the ocean, as *Alquntăm* is lord of those dwelling above. He lives in an enormous house under the sea wherein the fish, the sea-mammals, and the sea-plants have their home. The Bella Coola believe that these beings can take human form at will,* and assume that their behaviour in *Łəmoqwa*'s dwelling corresponds to that of human beings in the house of an earthly chief. In the beginning of time, when men were more powerful than in recent years, this house sometimes rose to the surface of the water and adventurous Bella Coola entered it on various occasions, leaving to their descendants tales of the wonders it contained. These accounts have become family myths and are described with others of similar type in Chap. VI, vol. I. Records of this kind vary greatly in detail; in fact, few agree more than in broad outline. Sometimes it is stated that denizens of the sea appear in *Łəmoqwa*'s house in the flesh; other myths describe paintings of sea creatures around the walls and the manner in which these are brought to life by *Łəmoqwa*. Irrespective of the exact details, it is clear that he is chief of the undersea beings who serve him and hunt for him, the blackfish being especially proficient in this respect. *Łəmoqwa* resents any slight to his protégés and punishes any mortal who is unkind to them.

*Bella Coola concepts concerning the transformability of man and animals will be described in the next section of this chapter.

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*776 Although Q̓omoqwa has often been seen by mortals, no one has ever been able to describe his countenance. He always wears a huge hat, beneath which his blackened face, covered with eagle down, is barely visible, since he constantly keeps turning it away from the observer. Occasionally he comes to the surface and has been known even to walk on it. Like other supernatural beings, he is able to ascend to *Nusmāt-a*, though it is not his home. The dread with which the Bella Coola regard Q̓omoqwa is due to his ability to suck canoes down to his home at the bottom of the ocean as if in a whirlpool. He is usually hungry, and nothing pleases him more than human flesh. None the less, he does not destroy life without cause. [502] [761] It angers him to hear his name spoken, so no Bella Coola utters it when on the ocean, for fear that he may be engulfed. Whenever a person is drowned at sea it is believed that the cannibalistic Q̓omoqwa has drawn him down for a meal.

●539 *776 To insert the many stories describing Q̓omoqwa at this point would unduly break the continuity of this account, so the following simple example must suffice.

Not many years ago four Bella Bella fishermen were trying to anchor near China Hat. Owing to the action of the supernatural beings dwelling below, the bottom of the ocean rose and lowered abruptly so that their anchor would not hold as the rope was in many cases too short. They were much annoyed by this and, as they strove to fasten their craft, they were exasperated at a lard-fish which kept swimming closely around the canoe. At last one of the fishermen reached out, seized it with his hands, and tore it to pieces, throwing these back on the water. Presently their anchor held and the four went to sleep. But Q̓omoqwa had seen the insult shown to the lard-fish and, as they slept, he sucked down their canoe until, on awakening, they found themselves in the huge house of the lord of the undersea world. There was no water in it, but they recognized where they must be from the fact that the walls were decorated with paintings of marine beings and with ancient tools from canoes lost at sea. An old woman who lives in Q̓omoqwa's house called the four to her fire in the corner and asked them whether they had any false hellebore with them. If they had, they would escape, but otherwise nothing could save them from Q̓omoqwa, who at that very moment was calling his friends for a feast of human flesh. Presently Q̓omoqwa entered, followed in succession by a number of undersea chiefs,

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including the dreaded point, Mesatche Nose, in human form. As each came in, water swirled in and the canoe was tossed as if in a whirlpool; if it had capsized the occupants would have been devoured, but on each occasion one of the hunters threw a morsel of false hellebore on the surface, which stilled the waves. At last *Ǧmoqŭs* and his friends admitted defeat, granted the four fishermen the powers of shamans, and gave them certain prerogatives.

Though *Ǧmoqŭs* is usually unkind to mortals, and is correspondingly feared, instances are known in which he has bestowed shamanistic powers for no apparent reason. The Bella Coola say that the Bella Bella know more about *Ǧmoqŭs* than they do, since he is essentially an ocean being and the Bella Bella are ocean people. It is possible that the Bella Coola concepts of this supernatural personage are entirely of Bella Bella origin. This supposition is strengthened by the fact that *Ǧmoqŭs* seldom appears in connection with the *kusiut* society, but frequently with the *nusuk* society, many of the rites of which came from Bella Bella.

Since human beings can travel on the sea only by means of canoes, it is not surprising that the Bella Coola think of supernatural beings as doing likewise. Their beliefs include at least three huge canoes, manned by supernatural beings. The most important is that of *Nŭkŭmŭm*,[28] the name of its captain, whose crew consists of a number of supernatural birds and the hermaphrodite. Every year they come from the lands of the salmon and the berries, in the far west beyond the sea, and bear these to the coast of British Columbia. This belief, which runs counter to the conviction that *Alquntăm* caused the animals and plants to grow, is merely one of the many inconsistencies of Bella Coola theology. *Nŭkŭmŭm* comes every autumn on his way to attend the gathering of the supernatural beings in the land above, and his arrival in the Bella Coola River marks the commencement of the *kusiut* dances. He is one of the most important of *kusiut* patrons and his powers and functions are described in the chapter devoted to that

[28] Cf. Boas, p. 40.

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of the ocean, one of the members is awakened by the rhythmical beat of the paddles of the War-Party of the Tide. If he is wise he at once calls out, "*Hi* . . . ." This serves to keep the War-Party at a distance, and to waken the rest of the party who hastily throw on the fire objects which have been in contact with the human body.

Many stories are told by the Bella Coola of the appearance of the War-Party of the Tide. The following can be regarded as typical.

A few years ago, a hunter named *Oulkut*, and his wife, *Anaqwiäls*, were encamped on Labouchere Channel at the point known as *Nuxqut*, near the Hot Springs. They were discussing a private matter when, to the amusement of both, their dog, who was with them, joined in the conversation. This unnatural behaviour should have warned them of approaching danger and they ought to have killed the animal, as indeed the woman desired to do. But *Oulkut* foolishly refused and presently they lay down to sleep. In some mysterious manner the dog was able to summon the War-Party of the Tide, which carried the two away. When they awoke they were in the dread canoe, and the poison from *Sals-al'* was spreading over them. They were powerless and could only lie still as the canoe travelled up South Bentinck Arm, circled the island near *Tälo* at its head, and three other islands on the return journey. The two were put ashore at their camp, apparently unharmed, but they knew the danger to which they had been exposed and fled next day to Kimsquit. The woman told a shaman what had happened and accepted his somewhat drastic treatments. Consequently, though she showed signs of insanity, she was cured. The headstrong *Oulkut*, on the other hand, refused to pay attention to the danger; within a few weeks he became crazy, and then died.

Quite another category of Bella Coola supernatural beings consists of ghosts. These beings, once human, have passed by death into the ranks of the supernatural. Their home is the land below the earth, where they live like mortals except that everything is strange and ethereal. In form they resemble human beings, but their faces are green and weird. They can visit the land of the living at will, and make their presence known by whistling, which is their language. Their actions are the reverse of those of humans; for example, they often

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talons resembling, but larger than, those of an eagle. It has no tail. The great strength of these animals rests in the fact that their eyes revolve in their sockets, so that, when reversed, piercing beams shoot forth which strike senseless anyone on whom they fall. Having thus stunned its victim, the *sminɑq* picks him up and stuffs him into a broad-mouthed basket, carried on the back. It is provided with spikes inclined inwards and downwards so that a person thrust within cannot climb out. Human beings are carried in this way to the beast's lair, a cave in the mountains, where they are devoured at leisure. Wolves always accompany *sminɑq*; in fact, they may almost be termed attendants upon them (see vol. II, chap. v). Like other supernatural creatures, *sminɑq* are impervious to most mortal weapons, but there is one method of overcoming them. If a hunter cut himself on the under side of his right leg so that the blood flows freely, and smears a bullet with this, it can kill a *sminɑq*. Similar success is gained by biting the tongue and coating the bullet with blood so obtained.

Another animal which is rendered powerless by the same charm is the *bɑ̓ɑ̓s*. This beast somewhat resembles a man, its hands especially, and the region around the eyes being distinctly human. It walks on its hind legs, in a stooping posture, its long arms swinging below the knees; in height it is rather less than the average man. The entire body, except the face, is covered with long hair, the growth being most profuse on the chest which is large, corresponding to the great strength of the animal. The most peculiar feature of the animal is its penis, which is so long that it must be rolled up and carried in the arms when the creature is walking; it terrifies its enemies by striking tree-trunks and breaking branches with its uncoiled organ. It is said that a woman was once drawing water at the edge of a stream when a *bɑ̓ɑ̓s*, concealed on the other shore, extended its penis under the water to the further bank and held intercourse with her. The contact rendered her powerless, as if turned to stone; she could neither flee nor remove the organ. Her companions tried unsuccessfully to

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cut the organ until one of them brought a salalberry leaf, whereupon the monster, dreading its razor-like edge, withdrew.

The following stories illustrate, better than any description, the attitude of the Bella Coola towards these animals.

Not many years ago a certain *Qāk'lis* was encamped with his wife and child in the Bay of the Thousand Islands, *Altukwlākso-s*, about two miles above Namu, one of the haunts of *boqs*. He heard a number of the creatures in the forest behind him and seized his gun, at the same time calling out to them to go away. Instead, the breaking of branches and beating upon tree-trunks came nearer. Becoming alarmed, he called out once more: "Go away, or you shall feel my power." They still approached and *Qāk'lis* fired in the direction of the sounds. There followed a wild commotion in the forest, roars, grunts, pounding, and the breaking of branches. The hunter, now thoroughly alarmed, told his wife and child to embark in the canoe while he covered their retreat with his gun. He followed them without molestation, and anchored his craft not far from shore. The *boqs* could be heard plainly as they rushed to and fro on the beach, but only the vague outlines of their forms were visible in the darkness. Presently, though there was no wind, the canoe began to roll as if in a heavy sea. *Qāk'lis* decided to flee to Restoration Bay, but before he had gone far his paddle struck the bottom, although he was in mid-channel. Looking up, he saw that the mountains were higher than usual; the *boqs* had, by their supernatural power, raised the whole area so that the water had been almost entirely drained away. They are the only supernatural beings with this power. *Qāk'lis* jumped overboard into water which reached only to his knees, and towed his canoe to Restoration Bay, the *boqs* following him along the shore.[1]

[823]

This is not the only occasion on which *boqs* have appeared near Restoration Bay. Within the life-time of the father of an informant, a chief set out with some friends from Kwatna, bound for Namu. They travelled overland to Restoration Bay, thence by canoe, making the journey without incident. When returning, they decided to gather clams on the rocky point of the bay. As the craft shot around the tip of the promontory, they saw a *boqs* gathering shell-fish. The paddlers backed their canoe behind some rocks whence they could

[825]

[1] One of the features which the Bella Coola consider most surprising about this incident is that he did not tread upon the fish which must have been driven into the shallows.

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539, watch without being seen. The creature acted as if frightened;
* 776 it kept looking backwards, then hurriedly scraped up some clams with its forepaws, dashed off with these into the forest, and came back for more. The chief decided to attack the animal. A frontal approach was impossible owing to lack of cover, so he landed and crept stealthily through the forest, armed with his Hudson's Bay Company's musket. Presently he stumbled upon a heap of clams which the animal had collected. He waited until it returned with another load, then raised his musket and fired. Instead of killing the *boqs*, its supernatural power was so great that the hunter's musket burst in his hands, though he himself was not injured. The *boqs* shrieked and whistled as if in anger, and at once hordes of its mates came dashing out through the forest. The frightened chief rushed out on the beach and called to his comrades to save him. They brought the canoe close to the shore so that he could clamber aboard, and then paddled away unharmed.

177 The Bella Coola believe that *boqs*, unlike most supernatural
* 776 animals, have not abandoned the country since the coming of
539 the white man. One man was most insistent that they still lived on King Island, and promised to point one out if a visit were made to that spot. This man refuses to camp at the place where, he affirmed, *boqs* are common. Another informant stated that though he had never seen one of the monsters, a horde of them surrounded his camp near Canoe Crossing for a week. Every night he heard them roaring and beating on trees and branches. A curious blending of old and new beliefs was recorded in connection with this statement. This man remarked that he was once gathering firewood when he heard the creatures closing in upon him. His head swam with terror, until he remembered that he was a Christian; he called on Jesus to help him, grasped his axe, and dashed towards the place from which the loudest sounds were coming. He heard the animals moving off all round him, but failed to see any of them.

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Boqs have been heard as recently as 1924 according to popular belief. In January of that year a number of young Bella Coola were returning home in a motor-boat from Ocean Falls. They camped for the night on Burke Channel, and were alarmed to hear a crashing of bushes and a beating on tree-trunks. Thoroughly frightened, they directed the beams of several electric torches in the direction of the sounds without avail and at last started the engine of their motor-boat, the noise of which frightened the *boqs* away.

An animal somewhat similar to the *boqs* is the *ālākwis*. The Bella Coola state that long, long ago, these lived as human beings near Port John on Evans Arm, King Island. They were a strange people, with peculiar rites including the worship of fire. Their neighbours, the Bella Bella, from whom they differed entirely, determined to destroy the *ālākwis*. A massacre took place, and only a few survivors escaped to an island in one of the lakes in the interior of King Island. Here, in course of generations, they grew hairy and lost their human characteristics; it is said that a few paintings made by them are still visible there. Not many years ago some Bella Coola saw what may have been the last surviving *ālākwis*. Two hairy creatures were observed fishing from a skin boat on Burke Channel. As soon as they realized that they were observed they dashed ashore, broke up the framework of their canoe, and plunged into the forest carrying its skin covering. Nothing more seems to be known concerning them, nor do they appear ever to have granted supernatural assistance to anyone.

Another supernatural creature is the *bābuk'*. It somewhat resembles a cow, although its legs are shorter and its body, which is white and hairless, is heavier. In spite of its awkward build, this animal can move so rapidly as to catch birds and animals with its tongue, which can be shot forth to a tremendous length. Various incidents are related concerning *bābuk'*. One of its characteristics is that it causes gales. The country where one lives is invariably denuded of underbrush and even pebbles; everything movable is blown away, leaving only trees

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and gaping holes in the earth. In such regions no fire can be lit. The last known area of this kind is up the river behind Green Bay, about four miles from the sea. So far as could be learnt, *bäbuk'* have never assisted Bella Coola in any way nor played any part in the social life of the community. They are feared on account of their supernatural power, but appear so seldom that they are practically disregarded.

More common than the last, and accordingly more important, is the *haohao*. It is an enormous bird with bony wings and long, flexible beak. As it flies, the wings rattle violently, and its note, an oft repeated "*Hao, hao, hao,*" can be heard for miles. These birds are said to have been numerous in former years, and are well known to all Bella Coola. Masked figures representing them are often used at *kusiut* dances. The *haohao* is feared for its practice of inserting its long beak into the rectum of anyone sleeping carelessly in the forest and drawing forth his entrails. This can be prevented by standing upright a staff, such as all hunters carry, before going to sleep.

A popular story states that once, not many years ago, a number of men camped at the edge of a canyon near their home, without taking this precaution. One of them was awakened by a slight movement of one of his companions and, looking up, he saw the long neck and beak of a *haohao* projecting over the rim of the canyon and sucking his partner's entrails. The convulsive shiver of the stricken man had awakened him. With his bow he shot an arrow into the bird's neck, causing it to disappear over the brink. Presently the long beak reappeared and he discharged another arrow with the same result. Again and again this happened until the attack ceased at dawn. The hunter assumed that a single bird had been repeatedly attacking, but when he looked over the edge of the cliff, he saw below a number of carcasses, each with an arrow in its throat. The canyon must have been a roosting place for the birds. His companions seemed still asleep, but when he investigated he found that all were dead; only the slightly enlarged orifice showed how they had been killed.

No *haohao* has been seen within recent years, but one informant and her husband heard them on the south side of the Bella Coola River about two miles from the sea. They would have

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761 a woman now in middle age is said to have guided a white man
* 776 to the spot. Through a telescope he saw an enormous animal, and passed the instrument to a Kimsquit Indian in the party. He, too, saw it, but the effect was so powerful that he soon died. Theoretically, a man may receive supernatural aid from one of these monsters, but practically they are regarded as entirely evil and to be avoided.

●539 The creature to which the term *snusx* is most often applied
* 776 is one that lives in lakes; it has a huge mouth and can suck with incredible force. More specifically, this animal is termed
[778] a *sḵämtsk*. One is said to have lived not long ago at Winter Bay, about six miles from Bella Coola, and a small one is said to be living even now in Ootsa Lake. The Bella Coola tell a number of stories concerning the *sḵämtsk*; the following is a typical account, and others will be given with folk-tales in a later chapter.

Within the life-time of an informant, two youths, a chief's son and a poor man's son, went to swim in one of the small lakes near Ootsa Lake. The chief's son who was ready first, swam out, wearing a fancy belt, leaving his companion on the shore. When the latter was on the point of diving in he heard a dreadful sucking noise, combined with an ominous crackling. He called to the swimmer asking him if he, too, heard it.

"Yes," came the answer, "But it is nothing," and the youth continued his swim.

As the noise grew louder the boy on the bank cried out: "Come back, come back, there is something bad there that we do not understand."

His friend in the water again answered: "Oh! There is nothing wrong."

The noise increased; sticks and stones were sucked from the bank and flew out towards the centre of the lake. The suction eventually grew so great that the youth on land was forced to clutch a tree-trunk with his arms, while his legs fluttered out towards the lake like pennants in a strong wind. The strain on his arms was so terrific that he was almost forced to relinquish his grip before the suction subsided. When he looked at the lake the swimmer had vanished.

The survivor returned to the village and reported what had happened. No one believed his story; instead, he was made a prisoner, accused of having killed the chief's son. For a week the people questioned him daily without being able to shake his story; then they resolved to

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kill him. The youth, learning of this decision, concluded that he might as well face the unknown peril of the lake as the certain death to be meted out by his fellows, so he asked them to allow him to go swimming in the lake to prove that something dangerous was there. They granted that request, as well as a further one, that he be sewn up in a tight-fitting suit of caribou-skin, and armed with a knife. 539 ● 776*

"Now come with me," he said to his fellow-villagers when he was ready.

They waited on the shore while he swam out into the lake singing. Presently the crackling and sucking sound was heard, and soon the spectators were forced to clutch tree-trunks to keep themselves from being drawn into the lake, while their legs were blown out horizontally as the youth's had been on the previous occasion. When the wind subsided the swimmer had vanished.

He had been sucked into the stomach of a *sḵāmtsk* without being killed. Groping around, he found the corpse of the chief's son from which he cut the belt and put it on himself. Then he made his way to the neck of the monster, cut a hole through it, and dived out. The surface was so far up that he was at his last gasp when his head rose above it. He swam ashore and the evidence of the belt confirmed his story. The carcass of the *sḵāmtsk* floated to the surface not long afterwards.

In addition to the anthropomorphic beings already described as resident beneath the surface of the ocean, supernatural animal monsters also dwell there. One of the most dreaded is the *kulxta*, which suck wooden objects down to the bottom of the sea. It resembles pitch, and when once it comes in contact with a canoe, it cannot be removed. The Bella Coola attribute supernatural power to the octopus also, thus increasing the dread with which the animal would be regarded in any case. They believe that it is fond of gum and frequently comes to land to obtain it. It is said that the gum is never voided, but remains in a suck within the creature's stomach. One informant stated that within his mother's lifetime, a man walking near *Tāl-io* heard a smacking sound, like someone chewing noisily. He knew what must be the cause, but idly decided to investigate. It was an octopus. The beast was clambering down from the tree, using two of its arms to help it. Not realizing his danger, the man allowed himself to be 776* [825] 539 776*

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539 seized and carried to the shore. He had thought that it would
* 776 be easy to free himself, but he found it impossible and was carried under the sea. He bit frantically at the enfolding arms, until he succeeded in freeing his own, with which he pushed up the beak of the octopus, thus killing it. He rose to the surface and returned home none the worse.

[825] The Bella Coola do not profess to know all the animals of the world; and if they see a strange one, they assume it to be one known to their ancestors though unfamiliar to them.
539 Since any unknown animal is considered to have supernatural
761 power, due care must be exercised when one is seen. The fol-
* 776 lowing incident illustrates this point.
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The mother's brother of an informant worked for some thirty years for a white man in Victoria. His employer once sent him to see a turtle which was confined in a pool in a basement preparatory to being killed for a banquet. As soon as he saw it, he said:

"My parents in Bella Coola told me of such a creature."

A few days before Christmas the turtle was cut up and displayed on four platters in the window of the store; the Bella Coola saw it, and thus learned that it had been killed. The same night a sore appeared on his wrist, and by the next day it was large and running. He said to his employer:

"In a few days I will be dead. Do not grieve for me. The sight of such supernatural creatures is too powerful for Indians; I survived one experience, but twice has been too much for me and I will die."

His employer wisely sent him to a white doctor who cured him, although the scar remained. Years later the man returned to Bella Coola where he displayed the mark as proof of his story. A few weeks later he died, and the Bella Coola are firmly convinced that his death was due to his having seen the turtle many years before.

* 776 Although the forests of British Columbia abound with
789 supernatural animals of enormous power, the attitude of the
[781] Bella Coola hunter who penetrates into lonely places is not one of constant fear. It is true that he may meet danger at any turn, but danger is part and parcel of human life, and he is by no means defenceless. He dreads the powers possessed by creatures of another plane, but they for their part dread certain human objects. Clothing which has been worn for so long that it has become steeped with the emanations of its

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* 776 825 [774] and leapt away apparently uninjured. The Bella Coola say that yearling goats have very strong spirits (I, p. 94) which make possible such actions.

Though generally callous with regard to the sufferings of animals, the Bella Coola are usually careful not to kill more than they need; and knowledge of the supernatural power [224] [226] possessed by animals sometimes leads men to treat them with great consideration. For example, if a bull-head is caught in an olachen net in the river, the fisherman throws it back into the water, saying:

"I have saved you; please do the same for me."

The following incident, believed without question by the Bella Coola, shows the manner in which bull-heads help those who have often befriended them. About 1880 a Kimsquit fisherman, *Ăltakăn·i*, fell into a rapids where he was in great danger of drowning. A bull-head, seeing his plight and mindful of former help, increased his size and shoved *Ăltakăn·i* ashore with its nose.

"I have saved you, mortal," said the bull-head, as he did so.

The ability to increase in size is not restricted to fish, but is shared by small mammals and reptiles. Lizards, for instance, four feet in length, are said to live permanently in a pond about seven miles below Kimsquit; they are termed *qwalăs*.

Toads, too, can aid mortals. If a man see a snake devouring one of them he will, if he is wise, kill the snake and say to the toad:

"Please help me when I am in difficulties."

A toad never forgets its obligations and if that man should fall into a river when the toad is near, the latter will grow large enough to drag him forth.

● 539 * 776 825 755 [753] Snakes are regarded with aversion and disgust. This may be in part due to the belief that they cook for *Ăltăt·iaiut* (I, p. 49), but more because these reptiles enter the stomachs of human beings. The Bella Coola believe that snakes are the offspring of a supernatural Mother of Snakes, a mythical being of dread powers. The following story illustrates their beliefs

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concerning the danger of near approach to this creature:

K̓wilais was a man of mixed lineage, Kimsquit and *P̓a·s*, near Newitte. With several companions he was gathering berries when he stepped into a hole and felt numerous tiny creatures crawling over his legs. Looking down, he saw that they were small snakes, that had just been hatched from a Mother of Snakes. He fled, terrified, pursued by the reptiles, which he managed to keep off to some extent by brushing behind him a branch of spiny swamp gooseberry, a known deterrent. When he had out-distanced the snakes he called his companions, told them of his adventure, and returned home. There he repeated the tale. Though *K̓wilais* did not know it, many of the snakes had succeeded in entering his stomach. Presently he began to swell; his body became larger and larger until he was in danger of bursting. The reptiles within were breeding rapidly. Luckily, one of his fellow villagers knew the proper remedy. A raised bed was made for the sufferer about five feet from the ground where *K̓wilais* stretched himself on a number of thorny branches, while his friends built a fire of devil's club and swamp gooseberry twigs so that he was fumigated in the smoke. Then, to give greater potency, they cast on the flames soiled clothing and pounded cedar-bark pads stained with menstrual blood; even this was of no avail, so finally a woman squeezed out into a vessel some of her menstrual blood which *K̓wilais* drank. This killed the snakes. The patient began to vomit, emitting a mass of wriggling serpents, and at once began to grow thinner, soon regaining his normal condition. Had he not been able to eject the reptiles, he would have died.

K̓wilais was not the only one to have this unpleasant experience. Many others have suffered in the same way, but in no case has anyone been able to feel the snakes at the actual place or time of entry.

The beliefs of the Bella Coola concerning the power possessed by animals are clearly shown by their attitude with regard to killing them. Man is immortal, so are animals. *Alquntäm* decreed that beasts and birds should serve as food for mankind, but it is only their clothing, their worthless "blanket of flesh," as the Bella Coola express it, which they give to hunters. In the autumn leaves appear to die, but every spring they are reborn. Similarly, when an animal is slain, it merely discards its visible self while its spirit[n] ascends

[n] *Xwmdnoqs*, see vol. I, p. 94.

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The most spectacular of Raven's exploits was the theft of the sun in order to provide light for the world (I, p. 298). In this case, a valuable object was acquired for mankind, but often Raven interfered with the kindly aims of *Älquntäm*, a point illustrated in the following account of the origin of death:[36]

In the beginning of time, before people had really become human, Raven made a boy from his own body, gave him life, and called him *O·mietlmai*. His creation was Raven's chief joy. The youth was beautiful; his feet and hands were especially small and light-coloured, and Raven gloried in what he had been able to do without the assistance of his friend *Yulätimut*, the Carpenter. All went well until *O·mietlmai* was about fifteen years of age when *Älquntäm* wanted to find out about this being which Raven had created. Accordingly, he sent to earth one of his *Snulsulktäls* to carry off *O·mietlmai*. At that time there were four *Snulsulktäls* in *Nusmät·a*, huge, eagle-like, supernatural birds under the especial care of *Älquntäm* himself. Down swooped one of these creatures and carried the youth aloft to *Nusmät·a*, where he was treated as a guest by *Älquntäm*.

Raven, ignorant of the reason for his loss, was heart-broken. He pulled out his hair and for four days sat and pondered. Then he decided to wage war on the *Snulsulktäls*, not knowing that the latter had been acting by command of *Älquntäm*. Raven went to *Yulätimut* and asked him to make a huge whale. The carpenter was surprised and enquired about the purpose, whereupon Raven told him of the loss of *O·mietlmai*, and how he hoped that the *Snulsulktäls* would be lured into swooping down to fight the dummy and would be vanquished. *Yulätimut* agreed to help him and worked for four days on a gigantic cedar, chiselling it out like a canoe, but in the shape of an enormous whale. Then for four days he gathered gum and covered the wooden monster with a layer about an inch thick; finally he painted the outer surface to resemble a whale. It was a very fine piece of work. That night Raven asked *Yulätimut* to launch it. The stomach had been weighted so that it could either sink or float and there was room for a man inside to steer it. The whale acted according to specification, diving and rising easily, moving to right or left according to the wishes of the helmsman. Raven was delighted.

Early next morning *Yulätimut* again launched the craft at Raven's request, and it wallowed around near the shore like a real whale. *Älquntäm*

[36] Related by Jim Pollard.

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saw it, and despatched one of his *Snulsılkŧāls* to fetch it. He chose *Nunusmaoak*, "He Who Carries One," the *Snulsılkŧāls* able to lift one of anything. Down swooped *Nunusmaoak*, and seized the dummy in his talons, but, as he flapped his wings in an effort to rise, they became stuck in the gum so that he could neither lift his quarry nor escape. When the whale dived he was drowned. Many people on the shore watched the struggle. Then *Ălquntăm* despatched another *Snulsılkŧāls*, *Nunulnusek*, "He Who Carries Two," who is able to carry two of anything. *Nunulnusek* likewise gripped the whale with his claws and succeeded in raising it slightly before his wings stuck in the gum and he, too, fell back and was drowned. Then *Ălquntăm* sent down *Nunuāsmusek*, "He Who Carries Three," the *Snulsılkŧāls* able to lift three of anything. *Nunuāsmusek* gripped the whale as his predecessors had done, and lifted it about ten feet in the air before his wings became stuck like those of the others, and he, too, fell back and was drowned. *Ălquntăm*, much worried, called to him *Nunumu·sek*, "He Who Carries Four," the *Snulsılkŧāls* able to carry four of anything, and despatched him after telling him how his three brothers had been overcome in their efforts to carry the monster away. *Nunumu·sek* swooped down with a powerful rush, gripped the whale firmly at the back of its neck, and carried it far aloft into the sky. Gradually the gum interfered with his wing-beats; they became more rapid and strained, until slowly he began to fall, still struggling. All the while his wings were being more and more hampered, till finally he, too, was powerless, and with a resounding splash fell with the whale into the water where he, likewise, was drowned. When no more *Snulsılkŧāls* appeared, the helmsman inside guided his strange craft back to the beach, where he exhibited his prey to the spectators. The story does not record how he was able to disengage them from the gum and take them into his whale. All the people were amazed at the dead *Snulsılkŧāls*, for their huge bony wings resembled nothing ever seen before.

Raven was not satisfied with his success, because, though he had slain the *Snulsılkŧāls*, he had not recovered *O·mistimai*. He went to his house still weeping at the loss of his child. *Ălquntăm* and *O·mistimai* had seen Raven's sorrow, and the former sent the boy back. When *O·mistimai* entered the house he said to Raven:

"Don't cry. Here I am. I saw your grief and have returned."

Raven looked at the speaker and replied: "No. You are not my son. He had beautiful flowing locks."

O·mistimai had indeed appeared without any hair on his head, but he explained his loss by saying:

"Truly I am your son, *O·mistimai*. I have been up in *Nusmăt·a* where there was such a gale that my hair was blown away."

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Raven, blinded by his grief, did not believe him, and responded angrily:

"No, youare not my son. Why do you lie to me? Get out of this house."

Disgusted at this reception, *O·mietlmai* obeyed. Just as he was passing through the doorway, Raven noticed the tattoo marks on his legs, and realized that, in spite of the change in his appearance, the visitor was really his son. He called on him to return, but *O·mietlmai* paid no attention to his father's entreaties and sped far away. Raven's grief was beyond expression, but he could do nothing to repair the damage he had done. If it had not been for Raven's mistake, all mortals would return to life four days after death.

The above myth is widely known among the Bella Coola, and is supposed to be historically accurate. At the same time, few people allow it to influence their thoughts with regard to death or its causes. It is a fact, but one that belongs to the realm of ancient history rather than to everyday experience. When a Bella Coola dies, his relatives, though they know that his death is due to the folly of Raven, tacitly overlook this, and do not feel bitterly towards Raven. Bella Coola beliefs and theology are not systematized, hence it is quite possible for a person to realize a certain fact, such as the cause of death, and yet disregard it entirely. Considering that absolute contradictions can be believed simultaneously, it is not difficult to picture the mental attitude of people who believe, and at the same time disregard their belief.

One of Raven's spectacular, and at the same time, beneficial exploits was the bringing of sockeye salmon to the Bella Coola River.[17]

In the beginning of time, no sockeye salmon inhabited the rivers, and Raven determined to supply them. First he tried making wooden fish and throwing them into the water, but though he could animate them, they always died after jumping a few times. The reason for his failure, though he did not know it, was because he had omitted the small bone

[17] This is an example of conflicting beliefs. In addition to assuming that salmon were sent down by *Alquntăm* to furnish food for mankind, and that Raven supplied them in the beginning of time, the Bella Coola also believe that they are brought each year both by *Nŭskŭnum* and *Winwins*.

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at the back of the neck; this is called *nulkălxita* by the Bella Coola and it is thought to be especially important since the spirit (I, p. 94) is located there. Somewhat discouraged by his lack of success, Raven sat holding his head in his hands, pondering. Finally, he decided that he would have to visit *Midltawa*, the land of the salmon far beyond the western ocean.

His self-propelling canoe, *Tobnkl*, was soon made ready and Raven invited Mouse, a young woman, to accompany him. The two travelled without incident till they came to the flat land where the salmon had their homes. On the beach were myriads of canoes, each in reality the skin of a sockeye salmon. Raven had instructed Mouse to remain in his canoe, so when the sockeye salmon chief invited the two to his house only Raven accepted, though Mouse was urged most courteously to accompany him. Raven was conducted to the house, where his host threw his own daughter into the river. She changed into a sockeye salmon and swam to the beach; some of her father's servants cut her up and brought her to the house where she was cooked. The meal was set before the guest whom the chief instructed not to eat any of the bones. As he ate, Raven examined the salmon very carefully to see what had been lacking in his model, and soon discovered it to be the thin bone, shaped like a maple leaf, at the back of the neck. Seizing an opportunity when no one was looking, Raven secreted this bone against the palate of his mouth. When the meal was over and the guest had tied what was left of the food into a mat, someone collected all the bones and threw them into the river. Forthwith they became a sockeye salmon, which swam towards the shore. But after an instant, the fish began to behave peculiarly, swimming around madly in circles, and jumping in an aimless manner. Everyone agreed that a bone must have been lost, and they searched the house for it without success. They also examined Raven. Finally, one man thought of investigating the guest's mouth where they found the missing bone.

"Oh," said Raven, lying: "I did not know it was there."

As soon as the bone was thrown into the river the sockeye salmon became normal and swam quietly to the beach where it changed into the chief's daughter once more.

When the time came to leave, Raven asked the chief to tell his daughter to take his bundle of food to his canoe for him. Meanwhile Mouse had carried out Raven's instructions, which were to gnaw a hole in each of the sockeye salmon canoes. Raven entered *Tobnkl* before taking the parcel from the girl, and as he stepped in, the canoe was forced a little distance from the land so that she waded into the water to hand it to him. As she did so, he backed his canoe further out until

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she had to follow him into water up to her waist. Then Raven suddenly grasped her under the arms, hauled her into his craft, and fled. The sockeye salmon men cried out in anger and leapt into their canoes for pursuit, but one by one they sank; Mouse had done her work well. For a time the chase was close; in fact, the sockeye salmon nearly caught *Tobunkl* in North Bentinck Arm, but as danger threatened, Raven seized a pole and delivered several vigorous thrusts which sent the canoe beyond the reach of the already sinking pursuers. The gashes made in the rocks by his shoves are still visible near the site of the Bella Coola Cannery, as well as the pole which he threw ashore when he had finished with it; it became petrified and can still be seen immediately behind the manager's house. At the south of the Bella Coola River, Raven threw the chief's daughter into the water. Her descendants are the sockeye salmon which visit that stream; and it is due to his failure to capture more than one, that so few sockeyes come to this river.

Another version of this myth was collected from a Kimsquit man.

It describes how Raven went alone in *Tobunkl* to the land of the salmon, in the guise of an old man. He was courteously received at the home of *Skatpts*, chief of the salmon, who gave him a meal of that fish. Raven carefully watched to ascertain what he had omitted from his wooden model, and when he found out that it was the bone at the back of the neck, he secreted one in the palate of his mouth. Presently one of the salmon women became ill, and *Skatpts* said:

"Old man, you have hidden a bone."

The salmon searched Raven, but failed to find what he had hidden, and he was able to return to Kimsquit with it. He added this bone to one of his models, and it was at once able to swim strongly; in fact, it became a real salmon.

This fish was the ancestor of all steel-head salmon, which are still called *Samsamikdimut di Qwax*, "The Salmon-like Fish of Raven." They are not considered as valuable for food as other salmon.

Another exploit accredited to Raven in the beginning of time was the bringing of herring to Kimsquit.

None of these fish then inhabited the rivers, and Raven determined to bring them to increase the food supplies of his people. A gull happened to catch a single herring far from shore and brought it to Raven, who smeared *Tobunkl* with its scales. Then he set out for the land of the herring beyond the western ocean. On arriving, Raven went to the home

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539 825 of a woman, *Sekakmān·a*, who dwelt with her mother, a Gull. After a meal, Raven lied to his hostess by telling her of the countless herring that lived at Kimsquit, and how happy he could make some of her relatives by taking them home with him. *Sekakmān·a* doubted the story and told one of her brothers to investigate Raven's canoe because, if the fish were plentiful at his home, some of the scales would certainly be in his craft. The herring youth looked inside the canoe, and was deceived by Raven's subterfuge. On receiving a favourable report, *Sekakmān·a* willingly gave Raven a large box filled with herring. Elated at his victory, Raven set out for home and threw his spoil into the water as he neared the beach at Kimsquit. The Kimsquit people knew of Raven's search for herring, and did not at first believe him when he reported his success, but the fish increased so rapidly that his claim was vindicated.

The herring so obtained were the progenitors of all that now live in the waters adjacent to Kimsquit.

262 824 539 One of the foods regarded by the Bella Coola as a luxury is a foam-like whip prepared by beating up dried buffalo berries in water. Raven is given the credit for introducing this to Bella Coola.

Long, long ago, *Sturlekwailx*, a mountain in the Carrier country above Burnt Ridge, was a chief, possessing human characteristics. Buffalo berries flourished on his slopes, and he wanted to keep these for food for his guests. On one occasion he invited all the animals and birds, including Raven, to a feast and dance. His house was the interior of the mountain, and when all had assembled he carefully closed every opening so that none of the berries could escape. Raven determined to obtain some of this food for the Bella Coola, and accordingly used his power to force one of the guests to go outside. As soon as a door was opened to let him out, Raven seized some of the whip and flew away, scattering drops of it in his flight. Berries grew wherever the drops fell, and since that time everybody has been able to make this luxury. *Sturlekwailx* was very angry, but could do nothing.

773 Though *Älquntäm* created the world, he did not make it perfect nor equip it with many of the conveniences possessed by men of the present generation. Raven, endowed both with imagination and tremendous power, was always seeking ways of improving conditions. In the beginning of time there were no mirrors, and if a man wanted to paint his face, or decorate himself for a dance, he was forced to rely on the assistance of

[778] [823]

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776 824 (II, p. 196). In this way the belief is kept before the eyes of the Bella Coola, but it is not a matter of prime importance in their lives. Rather contradictory is the concept that though each plant lack individual life, there is a supernatural mother of each species, corresponding in general terms to the Mother of Snakes described in the last section. As one informant expressed it:

"If there is no mother, how can a plant grow?"

These mothers are assumed to live beneath the ground. Occasionally, one of them has been discovered. Not many years ago, a number of women were collecting bracken roots when one which had been gathered began to turn into a snake. The women were alarmed and puzzled at this strange phenomenon. As they stood watching, the ground in front of them fell away as if there had been an earthquake, and they realized that the snake-root had been the mother of the plant. Without further fear they cooked and ate it.

776 823 Stones, too, and mountains were made by *Ałquntām*; consequently they have supernatural abilities and can understand the words and actions of mortals. When a wise man passes close beneath a precipitous mountain he always says to it:

"Please make yourself firm."

Most mountains, when requested politely, refrain from sliding and killing those passing beneath.

539 776 823 In former days mountains in many cases rose to meet hunters, and sometimes turned completely over. The Bella Coola are not sure whether this was caused by the mountain itself, or by a *snuiq* within. Wise hunters carry ropes with them when they penetrate into deep valleys, and when they feel the first tipping of a mountain they leap for a convenient tree, grasp it with their legs, heads downwards, and tie themselves in that position. Slowly the mountain rises and turns over, but, if the ropes do not break, the hunters suffer no ill effects. After a varying interval the mountain returns to its [789] normal position. This reversal can be hastened if a man bites

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his left cheek until the blood flows, takes also a mouthful of his own urine, and spits out the mixture.

The following instance of this belief was recorded.

A Bella Coola chief and a number of followers were once at Kwatna where they had been gambling for stakes of mountain goat grease. Two of the men had lost their supply, so they went into the mountains between Kwatna and Restoration Bay to replenish it. They saw two goats, killed them, and at once two more appeared in the same place; these they also slew. When a fifth and sixth goat appeared and were likewise dispatched, one of the hunters tried to restrain his comrade, saying that such phenomenal success must be due to supernatural power which they should not abuse. They stopped firing, cut the grease from their quarry, and started on the return journey. Presently the mountain began to tilt upwards before their feet. They had no ropes, and almost in despair concealed themselves in a small rock shelter. Their dogs too felt the movement and barked in terror. Fortunately, the mountain did not rise more than a few feet and soon subsided, so that the men escaped.

The attitude of the Bella Coola to supernatural powers of all kinds may be termed a doctrine of Opportunism. Supernatural beings abound and constantly play a part in the affairs of mortals. An alert and bold man can take advantage of these opportunities and obtain assistance, but he who hesitates is indeed lost. Certain types of assistance are most commonly granted to orphans and other unfortunates; accounts of these belong to the realm of mythology and will be described in a later chapter. On the whole the supernatural ones do not show discrimination in conferring boons, and the man who is quick to take advantage of them is the one to whom success comes.

Supernatural Elements in Human Beings

The Bella Coola believe that in the human body itself there are certain supernatural elements. Neither sticks nor stones can move, because they lack these attributes possessed by men and animals. Considering the firm belief of the Bella Coola in the omnipresence of the supernatural, it is not surprising that they should ascribe the phenomena of health and sickness,

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nection of these with one another and with the spirit, the mental director of the life, is a matter of advanced Bella Coola theology on which opinions differ. Only men of philosophical temperament even hazard an opinion on such matters, which are beyond the realm of daily routine. 761

When a man dies, his life leaves his body and the useless flesh begins to decay. At the same time the life is freed to travel as an intangible wraith, having the form and appearance of its dead owner. It visits all the places where he had been in the habit of going during life, irrespective of their distance from the scene of death. Sometimes it journeys to the locality where, in a dream, the mother of the deceased received her first intimation of pregnancy (I, p. 615). It wants to see former friends and sometimes makes its presence known to them by whistling. A person who hears this sound is saddened by the realization that one of his associates has passed away in some distant place. At other times, a man merely senses its presence and feels frightened without hearing or seeing anything to account for it. Very rarely, a dead person's life speaks to a dearly loved friend to inform him of his loss. During the existence of the body, spirit and life are closely associated, and the former sometimes accompanies the latter on its round of farewell visits before ascending to *Nusmăl-a*. 761 795 [774]

After four days the life descends to the land below where it lives forever as a ghost. Some believe that it is the shadow which assumes this form, but the seeming contradiction is relatively unimportant since the life is essentially shadow-like. Ghosts have already been described in connection with supernatural bodies, and further information will be found in vol. I, chap. VIII.

At death, when the life as a whole becomes a ghost, its constituent parts likewise undergo transformation. The one situated in the feet remains with the corpse and disintegrates; that located in the legs enters a wolf and nothing more is known of its fate; no one knows what happens to the one situated in the body. The part in the throat, including the voice, enters [827] [825] [534]

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761 an owl, possibly one of those which normally roost on the tree
775 behind *Nuxmit-a*. This element of a dead person occasionally
825 communicates with a living relative, as evidenced by the following story.

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A number of years ago a party of men and women camped for the night beside one of the rivers flowing into South Bentinck Arm. After supper, as they were resting by their fire, an owl kept hooting from a neighbouring tree. One of the men turned to a friend who had been making obscene remarks and, half in jest, warned him to be careful in case one of his relatives was listening. The foolish fellow looked at the owl and asked:

"Are you a relative of mine?"

There was no answer, but when he had repeated the question four times, the owl spoke:

"I am so-and-so," he said, naming the deceased grandfather of his questioner.

Consequent upon the belief that the voice of a dead person enters an owl, the bird is treated with considerable respect. It is improper to make fun of one, or to ask who it was when alive. Should a person do so, the owl answers with the interrogator's own name and he soon dies.

761 On the whole, the life does not affect the daily existence of the Bella Coola as profoundly as does the spirit. When they stop to ponder on the reason for some event, they readily admit the importance of the life with its constituent elements, but they are not always considering its activities and seeking to strengthen it. It is essentially a religious attribute, of greater moment to a man of imaginative and suggestible temperament than to one who carries on the daily routine without asking *why* and *wherefore*.

THE TALLY POST

773 In the beginning of time, when *Alquntám* sent the first
777 people down to earth, he erected in *Nuxmit-a* posts emblazoned with the bird or animal crest taken by each to serve as a memorial, or reminder, to him of the number of individuals existing

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sary to understand the attitude of the Bella Coola to the sexual act itself. Although it is a normal part of life (for no one would voluntarily abstain from all contact) yet the union of man and woman does not lack import, since its very humanness distinguishes those who practise it in the eyes of supernatural beings, both anthropomorphic and zoomorphic. Those who indulge excessively become so over-charged with this characteristic that their undertakings are certain to fail, whereas those who remain continent for a considerable period are so freed from the contagion of mankind that they become almost supernatural themselves and always succeed in their ventures. If, after a period of restraint, a man holds intercourse, this essentially human act adds typical human strength to that accumulated by chastity. Chastity alone gives power; but chastity consummated by intercourse at the proper period increases that power enormously. This somewhat complicated belief is accepted without question by every Bella Coola, playing an important part in their lives, even in their present degraded condition. The following story illustrates the point rather clearly:

A party of Kingcome Inlet people had been present at a ceremonial at Smith Inlet. While returning home, one canoe, containing a chief, his wife, and eighteen or twenty commoners, was caught by an unexpected south wind and driven on the rocky islet, *Ewa-ahdda*, where the lighthouse now stands. The occupants managed to reach shore and to save their canoe. The islet was barren, but they made a rude shelter of boughs in which they lived while the storm continued. Every day the chief sent out the young men to hunt seals, and every day they returned empty-handed. The little food they had with them on landing was now exhausted and they were starving. One night, when they were almost famished, the chief said to his wife:

"The youths have done their best. Now that death is before us I want to create a kindly feeling. I am going out, probably to die during the night, and I want you to allow each young man to sleep with you. It is a strange request but our condition is unusual, and the story of your shame will never be known, because we shall soon all be dead."

The wife acquiesced. The chief then told one of the young commoners to lie with her, and afterwards to tell a comrade to do likewise,

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539 831 785 [837] [622] who, in turn, would pass on the request so that it might reach each member of the party. Not only is it contrary to custom for a commoner to hold intercourse with a chief's wife, but it is unknown for a man to ask another to sleep with his wife, so the youth was surprised and rather frightened. However, he acceded to the request, passed on the instructions, and washed. As he was bathing, a seal appeared in the surf beside him, and he was able to kill it easily. Each in turn behaved in the same manner, washed, and then killed a seal. Next morning, when the chief returned he was delighted that all had turned out in accordance with his hopes. At the same time the wind dropped so that the party was able to return home.

831 785 The power which had brought the seals within reach of the men had been engendered in their own bodies by these ritual acts after a rather lengthy period of continence. The Bella Coola believe that such a procedure always increases their strength and ability, therefore giving them a better chance to gain favour from supernatural beings, and to take advantage of opportunities offered. Hunters in particular are careful with [224] 825 [785] regard to their marital life since animals know their acts and thoughts, and hide from one who has not made himself "clean" by continence, its termination, and bathing. *Sxetsta* consists of these three elements, but since continence is the most prominent feature, the term may be translated as "ceremonial chastity."

In its simplest form this comprises merely the three elements already mentioned. The longer the continence, the greater the power engendered by its termination. A man who has practised abstinence for a year has such strength within himself that almost any good fortune may occur, and cases are known in which it has been carried out for even longer periods. More often, an individual practises ceremonial chas- [184] tity in accordance with a family tradition. One old man gave 224 the following recipe and was most emphatic that it always 785 brought success in hunting and fishing; he added that on the two occasions he had tried it, he had brought back a phenomenal number of skins.

A person planning to set out on an expedition for any pur-

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614 extinct, are unusual; normally, the group is largely centred in
621. one village, but with members scattered in other localities. There is no central organization. It is generally recognized that such a unit belongs in the village where its first ancestors settled, and the leading chief of that village is, therefore, an important person in the family, though without status of [622] "head" of it. His advice may be appealed to in cases of dis- [553] putes concerning names, but he lacks judicial authority. Theoretically, the descendants of the elder of two first people are considered as "elder brothers and elder sisters" of those descended from a younger brother or sister; but this is nothing more than an accepted fact; it plays no part in the social life of the community.

552 In addition to human names, the origin myths include those
614 applied to dogs. The first ancestral group had dogs, and these
773 animals had names, or were given them by their powerful masters. Ever since that time their descendants can apply these designations to their own dogs. It is unnecessary to validate such names, but no two canines can be given the same one at the same time, according to the rule which governs the bestowal of human names. This matter was not investigated in detail, and the only dog's name collected was one for which [539] the origin myth is as follows:

When *Tăl-is* was first settled in the beginning of time, the houses were built in parallel rows, one above the other, up the side of a steep knoll. At the very top was a toilet-house, built over such a steep incline [514] that excrement rolled down the hillside. In consequence, one of the early chiefs living there gave to his dog the name, *Nulipumutl di munk'*, "Rolling excrement," which has since been preserved in the ancestral family of his descendants.

LAND

124 Great difficulty was experienced in obtaining information
423 about land tenure. The Bella Coola resent keenly the way in
177 which their land has been occupied by white settlers without, according to their standpoint, proper compensation. Ques-

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575 574 535 [533] [525] [526] [178]

presents to the singers and heralds who have rendered assistance. Instead of dispersing immediately, the guests may remain to gamble or wrestle. Since there is no solemnity attached to the affair, it is a time for indulgence in amusements of all kinds. These conclude the chief features of the *a'alk* dances. Probably they once played an important part in the lives of the Bella Coola, but with the increase in importance of the *sisaök*, they have decayed into little more than a form of entertainment.

A'alk ORIGIN MYTHS

551 575 773

Theoretically, every Bella Coola *a'alk* should be able to record the myth in which his name is embodied, but few can do so. Of course if a man has been able to validate both ancestral and *a'alk* names from the same myth, that is his authorization for both. In many cases a myth is split, and the portion containing an *a'alk* appellation is given to some member of the ancestral family, other than the chief able to validate the most important ancestral name. In such a case, the *a'alk* can record little more than that his designation came down with a specified group of the first people. This, for example, is the explanation given by a Kimsquit *nusqwal* for his name *Sinxälotla* which came to earth with *Smaoan* (I, p. 332) in the beginning of time. Another Kimsquit *a'alk*, *Tlaiyäkam*, whose prerogative is to perform the dance of that name, states that it was brought down by *Sinuxetl* (I, p. 326), who assumed the designation of *Tlaiyäkam* after its performance. This early settler had the additional name of *Wi'tälao*.

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The two following origin myths were obtained in some detail:

Once,[1] long, long ago, *Älquntäm* came to the conclusion that it was not good for the inhabitants of the world to be afraid of supernatural beings. He decided that the best way to dispel this dread would be to arrange a marriage between his daughter, *Sunxan·a*, and a mortal; so he

[115] [177]

[1] Related by Mrs. Willie Mack. European elements have obviously been incorporated into the first part of this legend, though the narrator considered the whole tale to be ancient.

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sent the young woman down to *Stuix*. She brought with her a small ring and told the people that her father had commanded her to marry the first mortal who succeeded in casting a stone through it. *Sinxan·a* was so lovely that all the young chiefs hastened to try their skill, but not one of them could succeed. At that time there was living at *Stuix* a poor orphan *Bō'ostom*, who had been brought up by his grandmother. Like all other young men, he admired the beautiful maiden and determined to try his skill. *Bo'ostom* asked his grandmother to wash and paint him preparatory to entering the contest. She was most unwilling, thinking that where chiefs had failed, there would be no hope for her grandson, but at length a friend persuaded her to give the lad a chance, and she painted his face as he had requested.

Bo'ostom took two pebbles of suitable size from the river and smeared them with colour. He told the first stone to go through the air and graze the ring, and the second to pass through it. The haughty young chiefs who had failed were amused at the idea of *Bo'ostom* even entering the competition, and asked him how such a lowly individual as he could aspire to the beautiful *Sinxan·a*. Paying no heed to his mockers, *Bo'ostom* again whispered his instructions to the first stone and threw it. Obedient to his instructions, the pebble grazed the ring, and once more the chorus of jeers burst out:

"Ha! Ha! What else did you expect, *Bo'ostom*?"

Nothing daunted, *Bo'ostom* told the second stone to pass through the ring. It did so, to the amazement and chagrin of the young chiefs.

Bo'ostom and *Sinxan·a* were married in due course. With his wife's help, the poor orphan became prosperous and built a fine house for himself. After a few months his wife became pregnant, and with phenomenal rapidity gave birth to a male child. The infant grew faster than a mortal, and in a few months had become a sturdy little boy. One day he asked his father to make him a bow and arrows, which *Bo'ostom* did. He gave his son a large number of arrows, but the latter said that he would want many more. As his father watched, the boy shot one arrow after another into the air, but not one fell back to earth The lad asked for more arrows, which *Bo'ostom* gave him after some hesitation, and these too disappeared into the sky. At length the father saw above him what appeared to be a thin rod stretching down from above; it came lower and lower until he could see that it was formed by the arrows, each one lodging in the butt of its predecessor. In response to his son's requests, *Bo'ostom* made more and more arrows until the rod reached the earth.

The boy told his father that the topmost arrow was embedded in the floor of *Sonq*[w] and that he proposed to use the chain of shafts as a ladder

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539 to climb up to visit his grandfather. *Bo'ostom* did not discourage him, so his son began the ascent and soon disappeared from sight. In course of time he reached the land above and made his way to his grandfather, *Ălquntăm*, who was delighted to see him. He told his visitor that he was weary of constantly carrying the sun's light, and asked him to relieve
[821] him of the duty for a time. He mentioned that on previous occasions when his wife had acted as his substitute, she, being a woman, had been shy and had hidden herself behind clouds. The boy was willing to undertake the task and listened to his grandfather's instructions; in the morning he was to use only one fire stick, a little later, two, then three, and, finally, four at midday. In the afternoon he was to decrease the number in a manner corresponding to the morning's increase.[10]

Next day *Ălquntăm* went away for a holiday after entrusting his grandson with the precious fire sticks. As soon as he was alone, the malicious youth began to pile one after another on the fire, until people in the world far below were wakened at dawn by the suffocating warmth. *Bo'ostom*'s son threw on log after log, each increasing the heat below. The earth began to sizzle, and finally burst into flames, and the water boiled in the rivers and ocean. *Sunxan·a* had realized what must be the matter as soon as she felt the great heat, so she went outside and rubbed her hand over the planks on her house. Thus protected, those within
[825] survived, although all other human beings perished. Most of the animals escaped by hiding, though the weasel failed to conceal the tip of its tail which was burnt black, a characteristic inherited by all weasels ever since. *Ălquntăm* felt the heat and hurried home.

"You have done great harm to mortals," he burst out angrily. "Hence-
[825] forth you shall live on earth as a mink."

Ălquntăm seized his grandson and cast him to earth in this guise.

539 The survivors of the catastrophe multiplied until the whole world
551 was repopulated from the single household. Each of them took an *a'alk*
575 name from the burning, and these have been transmitted from one to another of the descendants of each until this day. One of these, a *nusqwal* name, is *Stalqalosam*, "The Increase of the Sun's Heat through the Addition of Fire Sticks"; another, a *Haiyăkam*, *ɯnukwnalsaix*, "The Track of the Sun"; a third, *Skuml*, "The Charred Portion of a Half-Consumed Log."

539 The following Kimsquit story[11] describes the obtaining of
575 an *a'alk* prerogative in the distant past.

[10] For another version of this tale, see Boas, p. 95.
[11] Related by Jim Pollard.

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Long ago, there lived in Kimsquit a young chief who was a great hunter. On one occasion, he was camping in a cave, *Anokokwiäls*, on the mountains when not only its roof, but the dome of the sky as well, opened so that he was able to gaze into the upper regions of space. From this manifestation of the supernatural, he took for himself the name *Älkwi*, "The Opening of the Upper Regions," and validated it by giving valuable presents. This name has been transmitted from generation to generation and was recently brought to the present owner by his wife. With it is the prerogative of distributing potlatch gifts outside the house since the first *Älkwi* claimed that the sky itself was his only ceiling.

A few years after *Älkwi* had had this experience, he and his three brothers left Kimsquit by canoe to hunt mountain goats at *Suxwlk*. To their surprise, a gull perched on the bow of their canoe; they did not scare it away, thinking it indicated a manifestation of the supernatural. At intervals it left its perch and circled around the canoe, but soon returned. As they neared the landing-place, the gull flew ashore and changed into a yearling mountain goat. *Älkwi* told his brothers, of whom the second was named *Älkexa* and the third *O'miätl*, that he believed this to be a further visitation of the supernatural to himself and that he would investigate it, and later meet them at *Anokokwiäls*.

Älkwi leapt ashore and followed the yearling goat. Wherever the road was rough, his strange guide travelled slowly so that his human companion could follow him. At length they came to a deep chasm with sheer walls about six feet apart, and a ledge running along one side. *Älkwi* followed the goat along this, until the animal leapt across the gorge, struck the face of the precipitous rock, and vanished. It was clear that he had passed into the interior of the mountain and the chief could hear the distant sound of a drum.

"I can die but once," he said to himself.

Then the brave hunter leapt across the chasm, struck the rock, and passed through it as if it had been tissue paper, to find himself in a vast cavern amid a large number of people. These were really animals who had gathered to await the coming of his guide, the yearling goat. The latter told him not to be afraid, that henceforth he would be under the protection of all animals and would not come to harm, no matter how often he hunted. With breathless interest, *Älkwi* watched the performance of a *nusqwal* dance, for every yearling goat is a supernatural dancer of this type. The ceremony lasted throughout the night, and next morning he set out for *Anokokwiäls*, not realizing that it was really a year since he had left his brothers.

Meanwhile, though the three brothers had almost despaired of their elder's safe return, they patiently remained at their post, and after a year were overjoyed to see smoke rising from *Anokokwiäls*. They hurried

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to the cave and greeted their long-lost brother affectionately. Though he, too, was delighted at the reunion, he said but little, and for two days told them nothing of his experiences. They remained in camp and on the third night *Älkwi* told his brothers that he had obtained supernatural hunting powers. The following morning the four went out and killed so many mountain goats that the cave was filled with their carcasses. Their good fortune was amazing. *Älkwi* sent one of his brothers to invite to the cave not only the people of Kimsquit but of the whole countryside as well. While he was absent on this errand, the remaining three prepared and smoked the meat, taking care to preserve the leg bones.

Within two weeks the guests began to assemble. *Anokokwläls* was a good place for a ceremony because *Älkwi* had decorated it with paintings after its roof had opened to show him the upper regions of space.[11] When all the people had arrived, the host gave a mountain goat leg-bone to each, asking every recipient to beat time with it. Then *Älkwi* danced a *nusqwal* dance, imitating the one he had seen done by the goat. After performing, he unfolded the story of his adventures and finished by giving away valuable presents of smoked meat and goat grease. Thus was initiated this particular *nusqwal* dance.

In later years, *Älkwi* had such phenomenal success in hunting that by distributing the spoil he was able to create and confirm for his youngest brother the name, *Nustakwalämt*, "The One Who is Always Successful." This has since been transmitted from one generation to another. *Älkwi*, too, is responsible for the name of Mount *Tcopinätl*, "Leg-Bones." On one occasion he killed a large number of mountain goats on the mountain and left their leg-bones, *tcopinätl*, piled together near the spot. He instructed everyone to refer to the mountain by that name, which has since been done.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY

A few words should be said about the reputed early history of the *a'alk* society. Its members seem always to have been on the best of terms with the *sisaok*, and there is no mention of feuds between these two organizations. On the other hand, there is said to have been constant friction with members of the *kusiut* society.[12] The latter comprises a large number of individuals bound together by the possession of supernatural

[11] These paintings are said to be still in existence, and the sister of one informant claimed to have seen them.

[12] This point is elaborated in vol. II, chap. I.

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from ghosts, and for four days feeds them lavishly. On the fifth morning they proceed to the grave, accompanied by kinsmen of the deceased, and pound on the ground with sticks, asking the dead person whether or not he had been murdered, and if so, the name of the murderer. It is said that in former times the voice of the deceased could always be plainly heard giving the desired information. This ceremony has not been carried out for many years, and exact details are not known by any of the living Bella Coola. It seems clear that ventriloquism must have been employed, requiring active deception on the part of the shamans.

It was difficult to ascertain to what extent shamans believed in their own powers to understand the speech of ghosts. There is no doubt that the Bella Coola are easily influenced by suggestion, and if an individual is told that he has received help from a ghost, it is not difficult for him to believe that such has been the case. Further, his fellows are convinced of his powers, a circumstance which does not fail to affect him. It may be stated definitely that in many cases shamans have some confidence in their own powers, although they do not hesitate to use deception to increase their prestige. This point will be considered in greater detail in the following chapter.

ACCOUNTS OF EXPERIENCES WITH GHOSTS

Much of the information concerning ghosts is contained in stories which have been handed down for generations and which are regarded as historical records. Some of these must be deferred to the chapters on folk-lore and shamanism, but the following are sufficient to explain the source of many Bella Coola beliefs on this subject.[48]

A Rescue from Ghosts

Long, long ago, there lived a little girl who used to cry incessantly. One evening when she was disturbing the whole household by weeping, her father said angrily to her:

[48] These stories have been included at this point as specific illustrations of the type of legend upon which generalized beliefs depend.

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"Keep quiet or the ghosts will come and carry you off."

Even this threat did not silence her; later on, all her companions went to bed, leaving her alone, crying, in the central part of the house. After a time her father noticed the child's sobs had grown fainter, though she seemed to be weeping in the same manner as before. He went out to investigate, found her place vacant, and, listening intently, realized that the sound came from below; the ghosts had come for her. He roused the household and called in all the men of the village to dig for the girl with sharpened spruce branches. Her crying was still audible and the diggers were directed by it; sometimes they seemed to be on the point of overtaking her, but always her ghost-captor eluded his pursuers by moving sideways through the ground instead of continuing his direct descent. At length the men gave up their task in despair, leaving the mourning father and mother to lament the former's rash remark which had brought the ghosts.

The parents of the girl consulted all the village shamans, one of whom formulated a scheme to rescue the victim. He told her relatives to remove alternate boards from the roof of the house, and to place on each remaining one a vessel filled with urine. He stationed a helper beside each vessel, ready to upset it when he gave the signal, and requested everyone else to leave the house. When these arrangements had been carried out, the shaman went alone to the cemetery, passed through the earth to the land of ghosts, and invited the wraiths to assemble in the house for a feast. They gladly accepted, and the hidden assistants watched them enter, one or two at a time, as if they had been human beings bidden to a ceremony. At last all had arrived except the principal chief, who was to sit in the central seat behind the fire. The feast could not proceed without him, so the ghosts sent a special messenger down below to summon him. It was this chief who had stolen the child, and the excitement of the watchers became intense as he entered, carrying concealed beneath his cloak the girl whose cries betrayed her presence to the hidden relatives. When all had taken their places, the shaman gave the previously arranged signal and his accomplices tipped the urine over the beings below. Wild confusion followed. The ghosts dashed to and fro, showing their anger and resentment by furious whistling and incoherent gurgling. At last they rushed from the house, abandoning the child. They could still be heard in the vicinity of the village, so the shaman directed the people to scatter urine all around the houses, which drove away the unwelcome visitors. The use of this deterrent was first learnt on this occasion.

The parents of the stolen child were overjoyed at her rescue, but it was soon apparent that their daughter had changed. She would not eat;

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in fact, she acted as if she could not see food placed before her. The next morning she rose early and was seen to eat the ashes of fish that had been burnt as torches; this proved conclusively that she was really dead. Thenceforth, instead of being given food in the usual way, her meals were thrown into the fire, from the ashes of which she received her nourishment. Ever since that time, the Bella Coola have recognized that food for the dead must be thrown on a fire.

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An Attempt to Rescue a Dead Wife

Two or three hundred years after the first settlement of the earth, a brave Kimsquit man, *Nu·skobdɩxumɣ*, set out with his three sons to hunt seals. His wife was in an advanced state of pregnancy at the time, but her delivery was not expected for several weeks and her husband had no hesitation in leaving her. The hunters were absent for three full days and nights, and returned home soon after dusk on the fourth day, having had great success. When they landed at the beach they were surprised to see no lights in any of the houses except their own. Leaving two of his sons in the canoe, *Nu·skobdɩxumɣ* and the other lad cautiously approached the dwelling. As they drew near, they realized that the light which shone forth was green and unearthly, and that the smoke, too, was greenish instead of white. Looking through the door, *Nu·skobdɩxumɣ* saw his wife standing with bowed head dangling an infant in a cradle suspended from a cord. This is a common method of soothing a child, but *Nu·skobdɩxumɣ* was horrified to see that the cradle had been fastened to the cord upside down so that the infant was hanging head downwards, with no visible fastening to prevent it from falling to the floor.

"Look out! The child will fall and be killed," *Nu·skobdɩxumɣ* called to his wife, but she did not seem to hear him.

The husband entered the house and touched her, but she crumbled to bones as he did so. The watching son cried out in fear and horror. *Nu·skobdɩxumɣ* hastily left the house and the two returned to the canoe, after ascertaining that no living people were in the village.

The four hunters slept that night in their canoe, and next morning *Nu·skobdɩxumɣ* prowled around until he found the villagers hiding in the forest not far away. They explained that, two days after his departure, his wife had given birth to a child, but the after-birth had not come away and she had died. It was the first time that this had ever happened and the people had fled from the village in fear.

Nu·skobdɩxumɣ knew that the ghosts would dance to welcome his wife on the fourth day after her death, and he determined to attempt to rescue her at that time. On the evening of the second day, the fourth after her death, he and his three sons lurked in the vicinity of their house. Pre-

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sently they heard the sound of drums, which they knew must herald the approach of ghosts, so they hid themselves on the roof of their own house in such positions that they could peer down within. In some unknown way the four had been granted the power to see ghosts, for they observed the entry of what looked like ordinary human beings, though in reality they were wraiths. These took their places like spectators at a ceremony, while several with beating sticks seated themselves behind the fire as singers. As they struck their batons on the floor, one of the ghosts began to dance in time to the music, and *Nu·skobdɩxɯmɣ*'s wife came to life and watched. Two ghosts who were directing the ceremony called out, "*i* · · · · *a* · · · · *i* · · · · *a* · · ·," which are words in the language of the dead and serve to invite some supernatural being from above to one of their ceremonies. In answer to the call, there came a thump on the roof, marking the descent of the visitor. This gave the dead woman power to move and she began to dance around the fire. She had completed one circuit and was on her second when one of the ghosts called out:

"Take care! I feel as if living people were watching us."

Some of the ghosts at once left the house and searched the bushes near it.

"No," they said on their return, "No one is near."

Nu·skobdɩxɯmɣ's wife continued her dance, and as she was circling the fire for the third time, her husband whispered to his sons:

"As she goes round the fourth time we must jump down, catch her, and fly to our canoe."

When the woman was midway in her fourth circuit, the four leapt into the house and *Nu·skobdɩxɯmɣ* clutched his wife in his arms, but she crumbled to bones at his touch and the ghosts rushed away, whistling angrily, leaving the four alone, *Nu·skobdɩxɯmɣ* holding the skeleton of his wife. Then they went and joined the other inhabitants of the village in their hiding-place. Everyone was anxious to hear the outcome of the attempt, though some did not believe the story. *Nu·skobdɩxɯmɣ* made no further effort to rescue his wife, knowing that it would be hopeless after the fourth day when the ghosts had welcomed her as one of themselves.

An Inadvertent Visit to the Land of Ghosts

A few years after the first settlement of the earth, four Kimsquit men went into the mountains to hunt goats. The first night of their absence, before they had killed any game, they lay down to sleep in a cave. Nothing disturbed their rest, but when they awoke in the morning they were amazed to find themselves in a strange country. They were near a wooded valley through which flowed a river resembling the Dean, but instead of

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the sun, there was shining in the sky a sphere that gave forth a green, sickly light. Unknown to them, the cave in which they had been sleeping had turned over on itself and projected them into the land of ghosts. The four brothers descended into the valley and walked up the bank of the river until they saw a large village on the other bank. It seemed to contain countless inhabitants who were amusing themselves by rolling to and fro with their feet a large, round object like a football. This led the four travellers to think they must be in the land of ghosts, though they were puzzled to know how they had reached it. They called across to the players, but though the river was narrow and though they shouted loudly and repeatedly, they received no answer. The reason for this, as they later discovered, was that the language of ghosts differs from that of human beings, and neither can hear the speech of the other. After a considerable interval, the third brother, who was sleepy, happened to yawn noisily; all the ghosts heard this sound and stopped their play to see whence it had come. They saw the four at once and called to them that they would send a canoe to bring them across the river. Two of the ghosts manned a large, skin canoe and poled it across, but as the bow touched the bank where they were standing, the oldest brother pointed out to his fellows that it was transparent. They all looked down into it and could see sticks and stones on the bottom of the river through the floor of the craft. They were somewhat nervous about trusting themselves in such a canoe, but the oldest shut his eyes and jumped aboard without mishap, followed by the other three. They soon landed on the beach in front of the village, but before any one of the four could set foot on the ground the ghosts who had come crowding around picked them up in their arms. Each was tossed by his holder to another further inland, and in this way they were gently thrown from hand to hand until deposited within the house of the chief, without using their feet and without a single ghost having had to move from the spot where he had been standing.

The four human beings found themselves in a large house crowded with what seemed to be people, but what they knew must be ghosts. At that distant period, men were wiser than they are today, and the brothers realized that the chief must be *Alläi-iaiut* himself. Ghost-heralds brought food to the four strangers, but they concealed it beneath their capes instead of eating it, remembering what they had heard at Kimsquit that a person who eats the food of the dead can never leave their home. The chief was kind to them and somewhat facetiously told them that they would come to harm if they stayed in a country where the people played as much as they did in his. He added that they could return to earth by the same route by which they had come, and advised them to

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539 775 hurry back. After as short a visit as they thought polite, they asked to be ferried back across the river and retraced their steps to the cave where they had slept the previous night. It was dusk by this time and they lay down to sleep. During the night the cave rotated on itself once more, and in the morning they were delighted to find themselves in the mountains above the Dean River.

This was the first time that anyone had penetrated to the land of ghosts, and the friends of the four brothers were intensely interested in the account of their experiences. It was October at the time, but they explained that it was late winter in the land below. No one knows why or how the four brothers had received the power to pass into the land of ghosts, although it is assumed that *Ăĺquntăm* must have granted them the boon.

A Kitlobe Story of a Descent to the Land of Ghosts

177 539 775 The following story was related by an elderly man who had heard it about ten years previously from three Christian Kitlobe who had been his fellow-passengers on a steamship between Vancouver and Bella Coola. It is not a Bella Coola story, although it has been circulated among members of the tribe as an interesting tale. The facts recorded in it do not agree entirely with their beliefs, but that is a matter of no [829] consequence to the Bella Coola who, having their own knowledge, consider it quite natural that the other tribes should have other concepts.

539 775 About one year before the story was told, a Kitlobe woman had died, leaving her husband and one grown-up daughter to mourn her. The husband refused to be comforted, and used to fall into a paroxysm of weeping whenever he saw any of his wife's clothing or goods. About a week after her funeral he took her clothing to the cemetery intending to burn it, but instead sat down on the ground to weep. Presently he noticed a passage beside him, down which he crawled until he came to a flat, rich land more prosperous than this world, where he wandered along aimlessly till he heard the sound of singing and hid himself behind a clump of bushes. There seemed to be five or six groups of people in different sections of the country, and the song was taken up in succession by each group. When he had remained in his hiding-place for some time, two people in new, white clothes passed so close to him that he could hear the rustling of their garments. He recognized one of the

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passers-by as his wife, and the other as a fellow-villager who had died some time previously. Somewhat perturbed at finding his wife apparently on friendly terms with a male ghost, the husband decided to return home and ponder before taking any rash steps. 539 775

He crawled back along the passage to the cemetery and at once burnt his wife's clothing. When he reached home his daughter, who had been worried at his long absence, saw that her father had been weeping and tried to console him. He told her rather brusquely not to interrupt; and, while eating, recounted what he had seen that day, stating his determination to return in the morning and bring back his dead wife. His daughter begged him not to do so, reminding him that her mother had died of her own volition and that it would be dangerous to bring her back to earth; but the grieving father paid no attention to her appeal.

Next morning the man went again to the cemetery, where he found the passage still open. He went down, hid in the same thicket, and heard the same singing taken up by group after group. As on the previous day, after a considerable period of waiting, his wife passed by in company with the same male ghost. The husband rushed forth, seized her and shoved away her companion, who ran off discomfited. The woman offered no resistance, and her husband told her that he was going to take her back home again. The two returned to the passage, the man guided his dead wife through it to the cemetery, and thence they set out for their house.

Meanwhile the daughter, dreading what might transpire, had remained within. As her father opened the door, she cowered at the side of the house and saw that his hand was held out as if he were leading someone, though only one figure was visible to her. Her fear increased when she heard lighter footsteps accompanying his, and the rustling of clothing. She heard her father tell his wife, whom he addressed by name, that he would leave her in the main part of the house for a moment while he arranged the bedroom; he set about this, but though the daughter eagerly looked for her mother, she was invisible. When the father returned, he led his wife to the bedroom, but to the daughter it seemed as if he had put out his arm to guide nothing more tangible than air. The frightened girl could hear her father asking questions and giving answers as if in conversation, but her mother's voice was inaudible. The daughter heard her father ask his wife how she liked the land below and, judging from his later comments, concluded that she had said it was preferable to the land of the living except for the scarcity of food. The mother must have added that for this reason ghosts visit the houses of

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539 775 human beings, knock crumbs to the ground with minute hooks, and punish by beating with the same barbs anyone who offends them by picking up such morsels. The girl heard her father say that in future he would be more careful to throw fragments of food on the fire, since he now knew that these were not only desired by the dead, but were necessary to them. Her mother must have asked whether they had eaten all the dried salmon, for her father answered:

"No. We have been so grief-stricken at your death that we have eaten hardly anything."

After a pause the girl heard her father say "All right," and judged that her mother had said she would go to get some. In a moment the door opened, though no one appeared, and the thoroughly awed girl heard the sound of light footsteps. She saw the ropes with which the box was bound unloosened without visible agent, and the salmon piled in a neat heap on the floor, then the bundle seemed to rise of its own accord and pass out through the front-door without human aid. After an interval the father appeared and asked his daughter where her mother had gone. The frightened girl told what she had seen, and both were amazed and puzzled. At last it dawned on the grieving husband that his wife must have stolen the food for the benefit of her friends below and had returned to her new home.

The husband, now twice bereaved, was filled with woe at this second loss, which was unexpected as his wife had said nothing of her intention of leaving. After deliberating for several days, he descended again to the land of ghosts, heedless of his daughter's appeals. He concealed himself in the same spot as before, and soon heard singing; but this time the words and tune were different and he listened intently. To his horror, the theme was of the ingenuity of a dead woman who had revisited her home, deceived her husband, and brought away a supply of dried salmon for the use of the ghosts. He recognized that the song must refer to his own wife and, grieved and humiliated, he returned home forthwith. He warned his daughter to say nothing of what had occurred and she obeyed his instructions, not wishing their shame to become known. A few days later, however, a number of friends gathered to console the husband; he became intoxicated, told the guests his adventures, and taught them the songs used by the dead.

A Carrier Story of an Ascent to the Land of the Dead

177 539 The following, like the last, is not a Bella Coola story. It is one known to a number of Kimsquit and deserves inclusion

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among Bella Coola tales if only for the reason that stories of foreign origin, when told sufficiently often, tend to be considered indigenous and the facts recorded in them accepted and incorporated into Bella Coola belief. This factor is undoubtedly responsible for many conflicting elements in their theology. The following story has every indication of Christian influence but is not less interesting on that account, as illustrating the process of assimilating new ideas into mythology.

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About 1870, *Māmaiyu*,[a] a *Xuxais* Indian from Ootsa Lake, and his brother were trapping beaver in one of the lakes of the interior. They were both good hunters and every morning killed at least one of the animals. *Māmaiyu* was a strong, apparently healthy man, but one morning he fell dead. His grief-stricken brother was puzzled to know what to do with the body. It was winter, and the heavy snow and frozen earth made interment impossible, while lack of fire-wood made cremation out of the question, so he merely tied up the corpse to await better weather. Meanwhile *Māmaiyu* had gone aloft, where he saw a huge house containing many rooms. He went to the first of these, where a man was sitting with a huge book before him.

"What do you want?" asked the man.

Māmaiyu did not answer and his questioner continued:

"Your name is not here. Why did you come?"

This happened in one room after another, for *Māmaiyu* tried them all. Finally, at the end of the house, he came to the seat of the chief, who said to him:

"You have made a mistake. The time for you has not yet come. If you want to stay, you can do so by drinking this."

He showed *Māmaiyu* a glass containing a green liquid.

"If not," continued the chief, "you must drink this," and he showed him another glass filled with a white liquid.

Throughout this speech *Māmaiyu* had heard a strange rumbling and wondered what could be its cause. Happening to glance out through a window at the rear of the house, he saw a huge, metal ball, constantly revolving and giving forth the rumbling sound as it did so. From within

[a] This story was related by Jim Pollard, an elderly Kimsquit, who stated that as a young man he had known *Māmaiyu*, who was about fifty years older than he. This tale is interesting as showing the manner in which a miraculous account can become accepted as fact within a short space of time. *Māmaiyu* must have been a man of imaginative temperament who was convinced that he had experienced incidents told to him by some white man.

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came wailing voices and at intervals an agonized face appeared at one of the many small openings in the surface of the sphere. The supreme being, for the chief was none other, told him that those within the ball were evil persons, those who had committed theft or murder during life. *Māmaiyu*, though innocent of these crimes, decided that he would be safer on earth and asked for the glass with the white liquid, which he hastily drained. The supreme deity inquired what present he would like as token of the visit, and he requested a beaver-axe, that is, one with a crooked handle such as beaver use.[a]

At the moment when *Māmaiyu* drank the white liquid, his brother saw his body move very slightly. He hastily warmed some mountain goat grease and with this rubbed his face and mouth. At first he was unable to speak, owing to his muscles having become rigid from the cold, but they loosened gradually so that he was able to recount his experiences. *Māmaiyu*'s axe, being of supernatural origin, was invisible to all human beings, but this did not affect its potency, and from that time onwards the owner could catch beaver as easily as other men could catch salmon.

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The information contained in this story does not correspond at all with Bella Coola beliefs concerning the fate of the dead. They tell it, and assume that such experiences are normal for dead *Xuxais*, though unknown to their own people.

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[a] The Bella Coola know that beaver must have axes of this kind to accomplish their work, although white people, deceived by the invisibility of these, believe the animals use their teeth. *Māmaiyu* received an axe of this type.

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* 787 [756] sick, and gives the person securing it ability to treat the same disease in others.

(7) Dreams, especially those in which supernatural apparitions visit the sleeper.

STERILE APPARITIONS [1]

●539 * 787 The most common sterile apparitions are those of a stone giving birth to a smaller stone, a tree falling almost to earth, then righting itself, or the sight of some enormous monster. Such an experience may come to anyone, and no one can tell what it may portend. The following examples will illustrate this kind of phenomenon. In accordance with Bella Coola usage, these are recorded as if actual facts.

Between 1890 and 1900 a number of men were paddling home to Bella Coola one fine October day when, as they were passing beneath some precipitous rocks to the west of Kwatna Inlet, they saw a giant, as big as a medium-sized tree, come leaping down into the sea. They could not see his face, which was turned in the opposite direction, but as he sprang they noticed that his hands were shaking like a dancer's. He struck the water with a tremendous splash, hurling the spray a distance of a hundred yards, and nearly swamping the canoe. [776] They realized that the being must be a *snusx*, since it is well known that these creatures migrate to the mountain lakes for the summer and return to the ocean in the autumn.

Since there is a tendency for supernatural apparitions to appear in close succession, the paddlers were little surprised next day, as they passed near some flat rocks where seals were wont to sun themselves, to see a number of these animals come hurtling down from among the trees on the slope of a near-by mountain. The last to appear was as big as a grizzly bear. Undoubtedly the creatures were supernatural beasts that had assumed the form of seals. It had been a fine, clear day, but as soon as they had taken to the water such a severe storm arose that the canoe was almost engulfed.

[1] [i.e. - appearances of supernatural beings from which neither good nor bad results follow. - See cat. 116, p 517 - ANALYST]

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On the following day another adventure befell the same party when they were almost home. Passing the site of the present cannery, on the south side of North Bentinck Arm, about half a mile from its head, they went among some old stumps which at high tide resembled basking seals. When in the midst of these, they all seemed to come to life, crashing into the water in all directions, raising billows which drenched the paddlers with foam and nearly wrecked the canoe. The travellers considered themselves fortunate in reaching Bella Coola alive.

Apparitions have appeared several times near Mesatche Nose, the point between South Bentinck Arm and Labouchere Channel, a place noted for storms. On one occasion the father of a Bella Coola, in 1922, sixty years of age, was near there when he suddenly saw lights on two mountains diagonally opposite each other on either side of the fiord, at a distance of about six miles. The lights grew bigger and bigger, approached each other and receded, until finally they merged; it became bright as day, although it was midnight at the time, and there was only a new moon. The lights separated after a little, until each gradually withdrew to its mountain and disappeared.

Near the same spot some travellers once saw an enormous mountain goat walking on the surface of the water. Almost immediately a storm arose which swamped the canoe, and drowned all but one of its occupants. As soon as the craft was submerged, the gale subsided, as is always the case after people have been drowned. [521]

During 1924, while a young Bella Coola was proceeding down South Bentinck Arm in his motor-boat, a storm arose and the waves poured into his boat until it almost foundered. In the midst of the gale he saw two pillars of water shoot up from the surface of the fiord to a great height, then gradually fade away as if they had been smoke. The storm ultimately subsided. No one could tell which supernatural being had

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787 thus manifested itself. A white man's explanation would be that the "apparition" consisted of two water-spouts.

539 On another occasion several Bella Coola were encamped on the shore of one of the bays of King Island opening from Labouchere Channel. As they lay dozing by the fire they became aware that a woman dressed in black was sitting near them, but closer to the flames than a mortal could have sat. She explained that she had been gathering mussels and was warming herself; then, rising, she walked into the sea and disappeared. She was one of the ocean dwellers of whom little is now known though formerly they were more often visible. Another time one of the same folk was plainly seen sitting on a rock, but as her observers blinked their eyes she vanished.

[792] Dwellers in the underwater world are to be found beneath the lakes of the interior as well as under the ocean. Not many years ago, when some men were carrying goat meat down from their hunting ground, they stopped beside the small lake which lies at the head of the creek *Swapé'a'*, which enters the Bella Coola River about eight miles from the sea.

"I wonder what lives in that lake," one man said idly to a companion.

"Nothing," the other replied, but the first responded:

"You are wrong. Something evil lives there."

He had barely finished speaking when there rose from the lake a man with long hair, who stood, swaying back and forth, with the water around his thighs.

"There you are," said the first speaker to his doubting comrade, "I knew something lived yonder."

After a few minutes the man sank back under the water. Forthwith a strong wind began to blow, and snow not only fell from the heavens but rose from the lake. The hunters, who were not clothed for wintry weather, had great difficulty in getting back to the valley.

Occasionally the works of underwater people have been seen. The father of a man here about 1880 was paddling to Kwatna Inlet one night when he, as well as the other

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occupants of the canoe, heard a roaring noise and saw a fish-weir, similar to those used by the Bella Coola, stretching across Burke Channel, which is about a mile and a half wide at this point. They went close to the beach and a brave man cut a passage through the obstacle. A similar trap was once seen stretching across South Bentinck Arm.

An unusual apparition may be regarded as an omen of death. For example, not many years ago a young half-breed saw a motor-boat moored to the bank of North Bentinck Arm with an eagle seated in the stern. He ran his own motor-boat towards it, but as he approached the eagle became a man. Then as he drew still nearer, never taking his eyes off the other boat, it, with its occupant, sank beneath the water, without leaving so much as a ripple. On relating the incident to his father, the latter recognized it as an omen of death. Six months later the half-breed's sister died, thus confirming her father's prognostication.

Supernatural Aid Granted to the Unfortunate

Experiences such as have been cited in the last section are regarded as of possible, and not infrequent occurrence at the present time. On the other hand, supernatural aid granted to those in misfortune, though it is the theme of many stories, is not considered as likely to happen now. The Bella Coola believe the narratives to be chronicles of actual events, and base their conceptions of many supernatural beings on their characteristics as therein described. There is no ceremonial significance attached to any of these stories; they may be, and are told by anyone, frequently for entertainment. Unquestionably, there is a feeling that the moral brought out in such tales is of value in educating the young people, though this point is never emphasized.

Supernatural aid granted to an unfortunate person is termed *ulukwulaqut*. Power so obtained cannot be transmitted by the recipient, although memory of the experience is

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occasionally preserved as the theme of a *nusté* dance. The term is also somewhat loosely applied to any instance of supernatural help. The reason for the receipt of power is often attributed to the strong supernatural elements of the favoured one, or to his having made himself agreeable to supernatural beings by the observance of ceremonial chastity or other propitiatory means. A few individuals assert that there is a tendency for supernatural aid to follow certain ancestral families, but such a belief is not general.

The following story is typical of the kind of assistance granted although no clear picture can be presented except through the native medium—a number of different tales, such as are given in the following chapter.

THE GOOD FORTUNE OF *'Yoándji*

Not long after the earth was first populated there were living at *Ẋnéyai*, near Nanna, two Bella Bella men, *Ẋmo'sala* and *Ẋálḃm*, with their wives, relatives, and slaves. *Ẋmo'sala*'s son, *'Yoándji*, fell a victim to the virulent disease, *lúkaly*, which causes the face of the sufferer to swell and his flesh to rot. When the case appeared hopeless, his father called his herald to tell the people to abandon *Ẋnéyai*, and to leave the dying youth alone. Accordingly they removed the planks from the houses, packed them on canoes with all the food and clothing from the village and went away, leaving the unfortunate *'Yoándji* alone in his misery. Only an old slave woman took pity on him; before she left she hid some glowing embers with frayed cedar-bark in a large clam-shell and told him where to find them.

'Yoándji wept bitterly when his relatives departed, but presently he dried his tears and set about making the best of his position. He unearthed the clam-shell and blew the embers into a fire. Next he made a hammer with which he built a rude shelter. A diet of clams at first satisfied him, but before long he made a hook in hopes of catching some trout. He went up the river to a suitable spot, dropped in his baited hook and almost immediately felt a bite. He hauled up his line eagerly, but it was only a worthless bull-head. Angrily he pulled out the hook and threw the fish back into the water. Almost immediately there was a bite, again he drew up his line only to find as before that it was a bull-head, which he hurled back into the river. This happened twice more, until, discouraged at landing only four useless fish, he wrapped his head

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in his cape and cried himself to sleep. The next day *'Yetxdji* once more tried his luck fishing, but again only landed four bull-heads, and again cried himself to sleep. It was the same on the third day and the fourth, and in the evening the hungry and disconsolate youth wept for a long time, his head wrapped in his cape.

Presently he felt someone kick his foot and heard a voice saying, "Stop crying! Get up!"

When the startled *'Yetxdji* opened his eyes there was no one in sight. Concluding that he must have been mistaken, he again covered his eyes and went to sleep. But he was aroused in the same way, once more without being able to see his visitor. This time before he lay down he made a tiny slit in his cape so that while he pretended to be asleep he was really watching through the eye-hole. Soon he saw approaching a beautiful woman whose hair was worn in long braids as was the fashion of Fort Rupert women. Eagerly *'Yetxdji* threw back his cape, but at his first movement she vanished. There was nothing to do but hope that she would return, so he again lay down with the opening opposite his eye. Once more the woman drew near, but this time the youth did not move, even when she kicked him and repeated her command not to cry.

"I see you," he answered, "don't run away."

The strange woman sat down without demur.

"Why did you throw away my children?" she asked. "They showed kindly feeling towards you in allowing themselves to be caught, and yet you rejected them angrily. None the less I have seen your misery and have come to help you. First I shall cure you."

When she had done this the woman continued, "I am going to give you supernatural power; when you want anything, just think of me and it will appear. I give you the chief's name, *Kaiaxdidi;* when you give a potlatch you must carve me on the posts of your house. My name is Beaver."

Then the woman vanished. She was a beaver in human form, which all animals are able to assume at will, though few mortals have the ability to see them except as animals.

'Yetxdji decided to test his newly received power by wishing for a house. He thought of Beaver, and forthwith there stood a fine house before him. By merely thinking of his benefactress he was soon able to fill it with goods, blankets, mats, boxes, benches, cooking utensils, and food of all kinds, and on the beach he soon had a flotilla of canoes. The size of the establishment proved the prosperity of its owner.

Meanwhile *Xpmo'xala* and those with him were in dire straits for food. One day the old slave woman who had befriended *'Yetxdji* happened to be foraging not far from *Xnaiyai* when she saw smoke rising from the place.

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539 * 787 She assumed it to be a forest fire, but, when she idly went near to investigate, her amazement was past all bounds at seeing a fine house filled with valuables. Nor was her surprise lessened when she discovered that *'Yeäxdji* was lord of it all. He welcomed her gladly, gave her a hearty meal, and sent back with her some seal meat for her child, only adding that it was to be eaten secretly as he did not wish his father to know of his good fortune.

"But," he added, "I don't mind if you send me any of the people except my father, especially any who were good to me long ago."

The slave woman thankfully carried the meat home to her child. But he, long deprived of proper food, ate so ravenously that night that a lump stuck in his throat and his coughing woke *Q̇omo'sala*. The chief pounded the youngster's back until he vomited what was obviously a piece of seal. The slave woman, remembering *'Yeäxdji*'s order, tried to evade her master's questions as to where her son had obtained it, but at last she blurted out the truth, how the abandoned youth had become prosperous.

The slave woman and her friends moved to *Q̇wiyai*, where *'Yeäxdji* used his power of thought to obtain for them houses filled with everything they could desire. But *Q̇omo'sala* and those left with him were starving, so that they too were driven to seek his aid, gladly marrying their daughters to him in return for his protection. He rapidly rose to a position of importance, being the husband of both real and fictitious wives, and was even able to provide his elder brothers with mates. Some of the women married to him became almost his slaves, as their families were unable to rebuy them.

Supernatural Good Luck

777 * 787 A third manner in which the Bella Coola can come into contact with powers of another plane is through supernatural good luck. This consists in obtaining something from a supernatural being, usually a portion of its slain body, which acts as a bait to fish, mammals, and even to such inanimate articles as blankets or skins. Even a tiny morsel placed on a weir will attract numerous salmon, or if set on a trap will prove an infallible lure to animals. When put in the owner's box, valuables will be attracted to it as steel to a magnet. Thus the fortunate possessor will be able to give many potlatches and to reach a high position in the community. Since this good fortune is

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insane, a calamity unquestionably due to his recklessness in handling the earth where a supernatural one had trod.

This point illustrates the danger of near approach to a *mätsqus*, a theme well exemplified in the stories in the next chapter. Such perils must be counteracted in diverse ways according to the traditions of different ancestral families. One common method is to seek a lonely spot in the woods and there hollow out a shelter beneath an overhanging rock or fallen tree-trunk where the person who has been exposed to danger must remain for four days, eating nothing and at intervals scrubbing his body with branches of devil's club, spruce, and other rough plants. These protect him from the evil effects of the monster.

Similar in function to the *mätsqus*, and equally dangerous to the unwary, is the *sisiutl*. The latter is supposed to have been created on this earth, at Bella Bella, in the beginning of time by *Yulätimut*. It was at first the canoe made by this carpenter, and then turned loose by him to range the mountains and fiords, as it has ever since, equally at home on land and in water, and in various forms. The following is a typical description of the manner in which a *sisiutl* appeared in the past.

> Long ago a man was hunting in the mountains when he saw a salmon, which changed in an instant to a fish-like monstrosity with two heads but no tail. He lunged at it with his stick, and in so doing started a slide which carried the salmon down the mountain. As this was taking place, the hunter said:
>
> "Go down the mountain, salmon; I will get you at the bottom."
>
> When he reached the foot of the new slide he saw the fish lying clear on the stones. He cut it up and slung it on a cedar-bark rope. Now this salmon was a *sisiutl*, the first that had ever been seen, and the hunter obtained supernatural good luck from his experience. He also took the name of *Sisiutl*, a designation which has been handed down until recently.

After this adventure many people hunted for the *sisiutl*, and with fair success in early days, but now it cannot be found,

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These become lilies (of the species known as *lälkänelp* or *walilikwätsälätsälät*, "The most potent of the pond") from the roots of which a tonic can be brewed. They can be collected by anyone, and the places where they grow are well known, but certain rules must be followed. Before reaching the pond the gatherer must find four spruce saplings, cut from each a bough projecting eastward, and lay these two by two, beside the water, with a space between. After plucking the lily roots he must place them on the ground between the spruce branches and tie the whole into a bundle with strips of dyed and undyed cedar-bark. He must be careful to wind these wrappings clockwise. On arriving at the house where the tonic is to be prepared, the bundle must be thrown in through the smoke-vent, never carried through the door. After these precautions the medicine can be prepared with safety. The roots are cut into thin slices and boiled for four days; a sick person then drinks several cupsful of the brew, which is particularly good for the blood. This remedy is especially effective if the patient is observing ceremonial chastity. The person administering the potion s[illegible] to it that the one being treated conforms to certain regulations for forty days. He must not eat fresh meat, fresh salmon, or any food prepared by a widow or a catamenial woman; he must not approach too closely a girl who is secluded following puberty, and he must observe absolute continence, not even sleeping with his wife. Death follows the breaking of any of these taboos.

Although supernatural good fortune is most frequently obtained from either a *mätsqus* or a *sisiutl*, it can be derived from other supernatural beings. In such cases the acquisition is seldom dangerous. The following tale describes the *qokän·i*.

Long before the coming of the white man, but very long after the first people came to this earth, a certain Kimsquit man, *Wikwanutl*, who was also called *O'miätl*, was snaring mountain goats on Mount *Tcopinätl* when he heard on the upper slopes a peculiar cry which he recognized, from descriptions given him by the old people, as the note of a *qokän·i*.

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This is a supernatural bird about the size of a crow, with a broad hooked beak and blue-black iridescent plumage. Its note resembles that of a swan. The peculiarity of the bird is that its flesh and bones are of mountain goat grease; even its droppings are of this valuable substance, and it is these which are specially prized. Long ago *qoḵān·i* were comparatively common, but all have now fled beyond the range of the white man's rifle.

Wikwanuti knew what to do, so he crept stealthily up the mountain armed only with his hunting stick. Presently he saw a *qoḵān·i* feeding on a mountain goat which had been caught in one of his snares. It answered to the descriptions *Wikwanuti* had heard, and he could see that its droppings were like solidified mountain goat grease. The hunter crawled near, and took advantage of the instant when the bird was within the goat's stomach to leap forward and club it as it looked up. *Wikwanuti* twisted the neck until the head separated from the body and flung the former behind him, to the right, without noting where it went. This enables the bird to return since, like all other living creatures, when it seems to die it does no more than shed its cloak of flesh. Then the hunter cut the body into halves, threw the right portion in the same direction as the head, and carefully tied the left half in his cape of cedar-bark. Next he collected the droppings and wrapped them in evergreen boughs. Carefully carrying his treasures, he went down the mountain, and hid them in a niche cut in the trunk of a cedar tree, before he went home.

Next day, *Wikwanuti* did not hunt but returned to the place, drew out the piece of the bird's body, and dried it over a fire, as if he were toasting salmon for winter use. At night he went home, still refraining from telling anyone what he had done. For four days he cured the meat, then carefully closed the niche and went away.

For one year *Wikwanuti* did not hunt. Then he reopened the recess and saw that the meat was fresh and juicy, as if newly prepared. He left it in place, but drew forth the droppings and carried them off in a small bag. Fortune followed him. By using a small piece of the solidified grease on his traps he had wonderful success. At length *Wikwanuti* told his fellow-villagers what he had obtained and they were envious of his good luck. He continued to prosper, and at last sold the droppings for a large amount of goods, though he carefully preserved the section of the body itself. When an old man, he showed his son where it was concealed and the latter likewise prospered throughout his life, owing to this possession. When he became old, he in turn told his son about it, so that the young man had the same good fortune as his father and grand-

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father. But the great-grandson was too lazy to take the trouble of going with his father to the place where the section of the bird was hidden, so the treasure was lost.

A fourth giver of supernatural good fortune is one of the mythical creatures termed *snusɣ*. This variety lives in the ocean, or rarely in rivers, and can occasionally be seen resting on the surface with its long, golden tresses floating on the water. The hair appears always to be flecked with eagle down, but in reality it is a mass of barnacles, the equivalent of this substance to this under-sea dweller. If the observer is brave, he will paddle cautiously near until he can twist a lock of the hair around his paddle and break it off. He must not touch it with his hands, but must dangle it outside the canoe, still wrapped about his paddle, until he reaches the shore, when he must conceal it in some lonely place for one year. After that period he can use a single hair, or piece of one, as bait; it will be enough to attract animals to his traps or salmon to his weir, exactly as with the mountain goat grease excrement of a *qokān·i* or a stick that has come in contact with a giant toad. If the person who has jerked off the hair with his paddle should be foolish or ignorant enough to bring his spoil into his canoe, he, and all with him, are rendered incapable of movement and the craft with its occupants sinks beneath the sea.

The father's cousin of an informant once saw one of these animals when paddling in company with several companions to Kimsquit. The sea was smooth as glass when their attention was attracted by a number of small ripples, spreading in a half-moon shape from what they realized was the head of a *snusɣ*. The hair crossed the ripples, but did not rise or fall with them. The back of the animal's head was nearest the canoe so the opportunity seemed favourable for obtaining some of its hair. Cautiously the men paddled nearer, but at the last moment the steersman feared to drive the canoe in among the golden tresses, so veered off and the craft passed along one side of the mass of hair. The animal had shown no sign of being aware of their presence, but it now began to turn away,

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777 so that its floating locks remained between them and its head.
* 787 As it turned, the hair moved with it, so that, although the impression remained of a floating mat, there must have been some motive power to cause it to remain streaming out straight behind. Each strand moved through the ripples without being affected. Though the paddlers strained to the utmost to see the animal's face it thwarted their efforts by this continuous slow turning, until at last they went on their way, disappointed.

● 539 Yet another creature from which supernatural good fortune
777 has been obtained is the Mother of Snakes, a creature described
* 787 in the following story.

226 A family living at *Nulteax* was reduced to the point of starvation through the failure of their salmon-weir. It seemed as if the fish avoided
[776] it. One day a son of one of the owners, who had been in trouble with a woman in the lower valley, went off into the woods not far from his village, where he saw what he thought was a black bear. When it came nearer he realized that its chest was tipped with silver and that its tongue kept shooting far beyond its jaws; hence that it must be the Mother of Snakes. This creature combines the qualities of bear and snake; it is about the size of the former, and it appears to have a serpent wrapped around its chest. It always pursues mortals and slays them, unless they
[784] know the proper means of escape. Luckily, the youth's father had long ago warned him what to do if chased by one, so he at once dashed off. First he ran downhill, but the animal gained on him; then he ran uphill, but still the monster drew nearer. The only way the fugitive could increase his lead was by ascending or descending in zigzags, since the brute's heavy legs then kept slipping. All day the pursuit continued, until towards dusk, when the youth was almost exhausted, he saw at last what he was looking for, a stump with splinters, projecting upwards. Pushing these apart with his hands, he leapt through the opening thus made, then circled the tree once sunwise, and pulled away one of the jagged spikes. Now the Mother of Snakes must always follow directly in the tracks of its quarry, and as it jumped through the passage the youth struck it across the back with the splinter which he had pulled out. Down fell the monster dead.

With his knife the lad cut off some of the animal's meat which he carried home, saying nothing to his father. Early the next morning the old man went to look at his salmon-weir, but as usual it was empty. As soon, however, as his son drew near, the river became packed with salmon, all heading towards the trap which was soon filled.

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"It seems as if you attracted the salmon like a magnet," said the father to his son.

The latter did not answer immediately, but later he said:

"You were right," and he told him what had happened.

"You have obtained supernatural good luck," the old man replied simply.

Following his son's instructions the father prepared canoes and boxes to bring back the flesh of the Mother of Snakes. They collected every scrap of it, which they preserved very carefully, and used small portions as bait to attract salmon to their weir with such success that they became wealthy.

Another supernatural being from whom supernatural good fortune may be obtained is *Skwanät·än·a*, "The Female Mourner." When a chief dies she comes to wail, wandering through the woods near the village, where sometimes she can be seen in the form of a weeping woman. As she cries, she ejects mucus from her nose, which solidifies into a glass-like substance about a foot in length. Anyone who sees her should take the transformed mucus, and wrap it in some article of his own clothing; it will bring him good fortune. About midnight of June 21, 1922, the infant daughter of a Bella Coola died, and about seven o'clock on the following morning the wailing was heard[1] in the woods behind the missionary's house. The brother of the dead child's father rushed off to try to find the weeping one. Luckily he did not succeed, because he did not know about collecting the mucus, and trouble would have come to him had he seen the supernatural being without knowing how to deal with it; in fact, even to hear *Skwanät·än·a* is considered an omen of death.

It will be seen from the foregoing specific instances that supernatural good luck is usually obtained by the slaying of some powerful creature. But, since every living creature is endowed with superhuman power, it follows that any object obtained from a bird or an animal that has acted in a peculiar way may be the cause of supernatural good fortune if it be kept for one year in the manner previously described. Some-

[1] Since the Bella Coola believe that it was heard, the incident is recorded as a fact.

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would be of enormous value, since the Bella Coola consider these ducks a great delicacy, and say that their flesh resembles that of seals. In fact, when an invitation to a seal feast is given the words used mean, "come to eat harlequin ducks."

No attempt was made to collect all the shaman stories current in Bella Coola, but the subject is amply illustrated by those gathered, of which the following is representative.

The Adventures of Waowal·is

Long, long ago, there dwelt among the people who lived on the shore of Dean Channel and were partly Kimsquit, partly Bella Bella, a mighty shaman, *Waowal·is*. He was a married man with a son just learning to walk, and an adopted one about twelve years old. One day *Waowal·is* told the latter to fetch water, but the lad was lazy and made no motion to obey, so his foster father kicked him angrily. Whereat the boy cried out:

"What are you hurting me for? Why don't you kick your wife or your partner? They are always sleeping together when you are away."

Waowal·is apparently paid no attention to this, merely saying:

"Stop crying. I am sorry I kicked you so hard. Run along and get the water."

Waowal·is, who was a great hunter, began to get his canoe ready for a seal hunting trip, and told his adopted son to accompany him. The two set off within a few hours. *Waowal·is* owned a stick of which one end contained the power of causing death, and the other of restoring life; he had only to make the motions of throwing this stick at a living creature, death-dealing end foremost, and the one at which it was pointed fell dead. Many seals had been killed by this means when *Waowal·is* asked the boy:

"What was it you said when I kicked you?"

By this time the lad had regained his temper and was sorry he had disclosed what he knew.

"I said nothing," he answered, "but gave a shout of pain."

"You liar," *Waowal·is* calmly replied. "You said that my wife was sleeping with my partner."

The boy, realizing that all was known, answered truthfully:

"Yes, I did say that. I have often seen her doing so when you were absent."

It was late afternoon by this time and *Waowal·is* at once headed back to the village, which they reached soon after dark. No one saw their approach, so *Waowal·is* told the boy to stay with the canoe and the seals

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on the beach while he went to the town to investigate. He crawled cautiously to the outside of the house at the point where he knew his wife would be sleeping; there he scratched on the wall with his finger nail, making a noise like a mouse. He heard his wife say:

"I wish that mouse would eat *Waowal·is*'s entrails."

This so angered him that he smote with the death-dealing end of his stick, killing everybody within. Then he went around to the front-door, entered, cut off the head of the false partner, and carried it away. Once outside the house, he made the motion of spearing with the life-giving end of his rod, thereby reviving all but the man he had beheaded. Then he went back to his canoe and returned to the sealing ground with his adopted son.

After a time the infant, asleep next its mother, was awakened by blood pouring over him, and cried so lustily that he woke his mother and grandmother. To the former's horror, she found her lover dead and beheaded. The grandmother asked what ailed the child and the mother replied that it had voided blood. She arose, washed the infant, and dragged out the headless corpse to another part of the house where her lover's parents lived; then went back to her own place and slept. Next morning, when the parents of the slain man had cooked breakfast, they sent a young son to waken his brother, but the boy returned saying that the latter was dead and headless. When this was confirmed, the whole household was plunged into grief and consternation, combined with fear and wonder as to who could have done the deed, because no one knew of *Waowal·is*'s return. They buried the dead man the same day.

In the afternoon *Waowal·is* returned, waving his paddle above his head, apparently in the best of spirits. The people called out to him from the shore:

"We have bad news that will spoil your happiness, your partner has been murdered."

Waowal·is paid no attention, but continued to wave his paddle. He told his adopted son to stay in the canoe on the beach, and went by himself up to his house carrying a sack filled with seals, beneath which he had placed his partner's head. He told his wife that at the bottom there was a choice tid-bit from the stomach and she removed seal after seal searching for it, until she came to her lover's head with staring eyes and open mouth. When she screamed, *Waowal·is* took the head and banged it down on her naked body.

"You always wanted him," he said. "Here he is. Don't be afraid."

Then he fled to his canoe and sped away with his adopted son. A number of the people set off in pursuit, but whenever one of their canoes drew too near, *Waowal·is* loosened cloud-like smoke which concealed him.

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At length the pursuers abandoned their efforts and *Waowal·is* went on, never to return.

Waowal·is and his son travelled far away, always seeking a place to settle, until one day they saw a large town on the beach, with smoke coming from only one of the houses. The two landed, and *Waowal·is* left the lad in the canoe on the beach while he went on to investigate. He could find no one in any of the houses, until at last he came to the one from which smoke emerged, in which he saw an old blind man cooking food and his beautiful daughter making cedar-bark mats. He entered quietly and sat beside the man without speaking. As the latter lifted some food from the pot and poured it on a dish, *Waowal·is* took it and hid it under his cloak. The old man felt for his food, then said to his daughter:

"I have lost the food that I have been cooking. Some one must have stolen it."

She did not look up as she laughed back:

"Nonsense! As you know, there is no one in the whole country but we two."

Again the old man poured out some of the food and again *Waowal·is* hid it, so once more he complained to his daughter. This time she looked up and saw the stranger.

"You are right," she said to her father. "A man is sitting beside you."

"What do you want?" she asked *Waowal·is*. "Whence have you come? Why have you stolen my father's food?"

He answered her last query.

"I was only playing, here it is," and took it from under his cape.

He had fallen in love with the girl and said to her father:

"Please let me marry your daughter."

"If you restore my sight you can have her," the father replied.

"I am a powerful man," *Waowal·is* laughed.

With that he took the old man's head between his hands and spat in his eyes, as he rubbed them with his hands; at once the sight was restored. The father kept his bargain and agreed to his daughter's marriage.

They asked *Waowal·is* if he were alone, and when he answered that his adopted son was in a canoe on the beach, they called the boy in and the four sat down to a meal. There was no water in the house and *Waowal·is* told the lad to fetch some, but at once the old man and his daughter stopped him.

"No, no," they said. "You can't get any here, there is an evil mon-

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* 756 ster, a *snusɣ*, living in the water that sucks down whoever ventures near. It has killed all the other people of the village."
● 539 "I am stronger than any *snusɣ*," *Waowal·is* answered, and told the boy to take a bucket.

The lad set off with *Waowal·is* following. The latter took the precaution of tying a rope around the boy's waist, and holding one end. As he knelt down at the water's edge the *snusɣ* appeared; it seemed as if the water parted, to disclose its ugly mouth, and the youth was sucked in. *Waowal·is* made the motion of throwing his stick, death-end foremost. There was a tremendous commotion beneath the surface, and presently the dead monster floated up. The shaman drew his knife, slit the creature's throat, and drew out his son, still alive. By this time the old man and his daughter had come to the spot, thankful to witness the death of the dreaded foe. Within its stomach they found the remains of human victims, some corpses almost entire, others mutilated by the loss of an arm or a leg, and others nothing but bones. The two recognized many of them, and these *Waowal·is* restored with the life-giving end of his stick, eventually reviving all the people of the village. As was to be expected, they almost overwhelmed him with their gratitude. He married the girl he had chosen and in due time became a chief. Food was scanty, so *Waowal·is* frequently went hunting, returning with abundance of game, the skins of which his wife made into clothing.

For a year *Waowal·is* lived in the village without any event worth recording taking place, his only disappointment being that his wife had borne him no child. One day when his wife was washing clothes at the edge of the ocean a blackfish saw and desired her. He had the power of raising the water when he wished, so this he did, and engulfed the woman. A number of people saw the catastrophe and cried out to *Waowal·is* what had happened. Calling his son, he leapt into his canoe and set off in pursuit. For some distance he was able to follow the route taken by the blackfish, until the latter dived and did not reappear; *Waowal·is* decided to follow. He tied one end of a long rope to the canoe and proceeded to lower himself into the depths, telling his son to remain in the craft ready to hoist him up again on receipt of a signal.

Waowal·is went down through the water until he found himself in a land where everything was much the same as on this earth. A sun was shining there and he landed in a wooded valley through which flowed a river. He walked upstream a short distance, laboriously finding his way through fallen logs that lay everywhere, until presently he saw an old man in a canoe on the river; the man was slave to the chief who had carried off *Waowal·is*'s wife, but, of course, the shaman did not know that. He wanted to talk to an inhabitant of the undersea land, and seeing that

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the man in the canoe was gathering firewood, he projected his willpower at him to cause him to land and begin work at a hollow tree wherein *Waowal·is* had concealed himself. The slave was using a stone wedge, and when this penetrated into the centre of the tree, *Waowal·is* broke its cutting edge, thereby terrifying the workman, who feared what his master might say at the ruin of a valuable tool. The slave drove in another, and again the shaman broke that, increasing the forebodings of the slave. Then *Waowal·is* appeared from within the hollow tree and offered to repair the broken wedges in return for assistance. The slave, only too glad to do anything that would save him from the wrath of his master, willingly answered when *Waowal·is* asked him whether he had seen any stranger in the land.

"Yes, my master returned yesterday with a very beautiful woman."

"That was my wife. Will you help me to recover her?" asked *Waowal·is*.

"Yes," the slave said.

Then *Waowal·is* instantly repaired the broken wedges. The slave suggested a possible plan for rescuing the woman.

"Every evening, just before nightfall," he said, "I carry firewood into the house, and then they send me out again for water. If you hide close to the door, you will be able to see where your wife is sitting when it is opened for me to bring in the fuel. When I return with the water I will pour it on the fire to extinguish it, and you may be able to rush in and seize your wife in the darkness and confusion."

This plan was adopted. *Waowal·is* helped the slave fill the canoe with firewood, and towards dusk they returned to the blackfish's house. *Waowal·is* hid himself within a hollow log which the slave set upright outside the house in such a position that he was able to see in through the front door. The slave carried in the rest of the firewood and the watching shaman saw his wife sitting near the fire. When sent out for water, the slave chose the largest bucket in the house and returned with it brimming full, then, as he passed the fire, he stumbled so that the liquid was thrown on the flames, extinguishing them. In dashed *Waowal·is* and seized his wife with a whispered:

"I am *Waowal·is*."

They fled out of the door, to the place where he had landed from the world above, and where the rope was still hanging down. He made the agreed signal for hoisting, but there came no answer from the lad who had been left in the canoe. Nothing dismayed, *Waowal·is* and his wife climbed up the rope to the canoe, where they found a skeleton, all that was left of his adopted son. To *Waowal·is* and his wife it seemed as if they had only been absent a little time; but they had been in the land of the

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* 756 supernatural, so that nearly a year had elapsed on this earth, and during that time the faithful lad had perished of starvation at his post.
● 539 He had rotted to the bones, but *Waowal·is* used the life-giving end of his stick to revive him, and the three returned happily to the village.

In an almost identical second version of this story, collected from another informant, the community to which *Waowal·is* belongs is not mentioned and the boy is not an adopted son but a young slave. The adventures are the same even in details, except that before *Waowal·is* presents his wife with her lover's head he instructs the slave to remove the plugs from the beached canoes of his fellow-villagers. This does not seem to have deterred the latter, for *Waowal·is* was followed as in the foregoing tale and, as there, released his cloud mist in order to escape his pursuers.

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* 756 It is not claimed that any recently deceased shamans had power equal to that of *Waowal·is*, although remarkable ability has been attributed to several living in the last century. The mother of one Bella Coola woman is believed to have been able to see the details of the sun and moon. She stated that on the latter were mountains and snow.

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787 Even more striking is the following account of a Bella Bella shaman, who had visitations from supernatural beings during the last century. On one occasion, when performing a dance on the beach, he walked into a small hill; the spectators could hear his song continuing, and soon he emerged on
Bc
* 756 the other side, having passed through the obstacle. Later on, the same man was convicted of murder by a white judge and sentenced to death. His fellow tribesmen asked why he did not save himself and he replied that he would do so in his own time. The judge pardoned him and set him free, which was regarded as confirmation of his claim. His first vision had come to him when in the cemetery at Kwatna, but his most spectacular experience was when a slide descended and immersed him as he was paddling in his canoe on the ocean. For one day he remained under the slide, as well as under the water, then he reappeared and paddled on his way.

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jects have power over shamans. A shaman must never sleep beside his wife during her menses, must never eat food prepared by a menstruating woman, by one who has recently washed a new-born infant, by a girl during the period of seclusion following puberty, or by a widow or widower during the year that follows the death of his partner. If a shaman's nose bleeds when he is dancing it is because a menstruating woman is present in the house; he at once asks the offender to withdraw, after which the bleeding stops. Moreover, he must never cure a woman during her periods. A wise shaman practises ceremonial chastity frequently. In view of the lack of cleanliness ascribed to menstrual blood, it is perhaps surprising that a woman can become a shaman while still of child-bearing age. This is rare, and only occurs when a woman is the last survivor of a family. The Bella Coola themselves consider it to be peculiar, only explicable on the ground that anything is possible to the supernatural beings, even the disregarding of feminine "uncleanness." Usually, female shamans are past the age of child-bearing; if not, they observe absolute chastity.

Even inadvertent breaking of one of these rules causes death. This is not regarded as a punishment inflicted by *Ttitcäplilän·a*; it is merely the inevitable consequence of the supernatural power within the shaman having come in contact with what is not clean. As a shaman is considered to be immune against all ordinary ailments, his death is always attributed to the breaking of a taboo. Frequently the death of a shaman is accompanied by some convulsion of nature. One female shaman, for example, told the people of her village to keep their children within doors, since a supernatural being was coming for her. Soon it became dark; there were four loud claps of thunder, at the fourth of which she fell dead.

The following was related as an instance of the danger to a shaman of coming in contact with an unclean woman.

The son of the first man to come to earth at *Nuiltux* was, like his father, named *Dudusaq*ᵛ. One April he and his wife went upstream to *Xwaxilo*, a place in the country of the Carriers where milk-weed is plen-

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tiful, of which they planned to collect a supply. In the course of their journey *Dudusaŋ*ʷ saw a man who, when he drew near, turned into a piece of hanging moss. A little later he again saw a figure, but on approaching it became a tree. *Dudusaŋ*ʷ and his wife walked on and presently the former once more beheld a man; this time the apparition changed to a fir tree. It was evident to *Dudusaŋ*ʷ that a supernatural being had manifested itself to him, and he told his wife that they must return. On reaching home he related his experience and gave a shaman's dance.

From this experience he had received the power of curing. He could see disease when it was invisible to all others, and could summon it to himself, where it was harmless, thus restoring the patient to health. He made for himself a rattle, shaped like a bird; this had the ability of dancing of its own accord, and would catch people's hair in its opening and closing beak. The sick were brought to *Dudusaŋ*ʷ from all over the valley. One day he travelled by canoe down to *Sutaf* where he found many of the villagers seriously ill. His arrival was quite fortuitous, for he was unaware of the epidemic that was raging. The inhabitants sought his help, so he landed and cured them. He entered the house of a woman who claimed to be ill, and took the sickness upon himself, but no sooner had he left than he fell down stricken. He demanded to be taken home in his canoe, but he only lived two days after his return. The woman had been in pain from her menses; it was this that he had taken upon himself and caused his death.

In consequence of the danger attached to the vocation, many people try to avoid becoming shamans, though if *Ɬitcāplilān-a* should appear to a man when ill, he cannot escape the power. The usual method of prevention is for a man to hold intercourse with his wife from below, so that her flesh, impure through its liability to menses, can form a barrier to the coming of supernatural power. One who wishes to escape always sleeps on the left of his wife, whereas if he is seeking shaman's power he sleeps on the right. Another method of avoidance is to use the hole in the floor which serves as exit and entrance to the house of a girl secluded following adolescence.

Since the power of a shaman is obtained by a personal experience, and lacks both form and substance, it cannot be transmitted and disappears at the owner's death. As has been

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bitterly regretted his own cowardice, for the wonderful cures stopped, whereas, had he accepted the supernatural guest, he would have been able to perform them.

SHAMANS FROM THE DEAD

There remain to be described shamans from the dead, whose abilities and prerogatives are almost identical with those already described. They obtain their power either from the visitation of a ghost in this world, or by a journey to the land of shades below. The following incident explains why shamans alone can hold converse with ghosts.

Once, long ago, the lover of a young girl died. She was so heart-broken that in her agony, four days after his burial, she lay down on his grave to weep. The dead man was able to visit her and in due time she gave birth to a child, who, like its father, was a ghost, with drawn face and glaring eyes. The perturbed woman tended it in the forest, her love overcoming a feeling of repulsion, and when she returned to her home she endeavoured to prevent her own mother handling the infant, knowing that she would be horrified. The grandmother insisted, but as soon as she saw the ghastly appearance of the child she dropped it in horror, and the infant vanished.

Since then there has been a barrier, resembling a wall of smoke, between mortals and the dead. If the old woman had not dropped her grandchild, the living would still be able to converse with their deceased friends and relatives.

Nowadays, shamans alone are able to lift the barrier and discourse with the ghosts of those who have departed. These are quite common visitors to the land of the living, but only a shaman can understand their languages, of which one is a series of whistles, and the other resembles the attempts at speech made by a tongueless individual. Shamans can learn what the dead require and so transmit the knowledge to the relatives of the deceased. As, long ago, shamans whose powers were derived from animals were able to teach mortals the proper methods of hunting, and the taboos enjoined, so a

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shaman from the dead once visited the land of ghosts and learnt their needs. They informed him that food and clothing thrown on the ground did not reach them, and that in order to do so it must be cast on the fire. Instead of journeying to the land of the dead some shamans receive their powers from ghosts who ascend to this earth, as the following account describes.

Within the lifetime of an elderly Bella Coola informant, a certain woman, *Sīkwulwaiāq* by name, left her house one evening for a few minutes. When she came back she was crazy. Her face was green, her mouth and face distorted and twisted, she could only whistle when she tried to talk, and kept endeavouring to walk on her hands. Taking her blankets, she went through the motions of washing them, but instead of using water, she dragged them to and fro through the ashes of the central fire, until, utterly exhausted, she lay down. By these symptoms it was recognised that a ghost had stricken her with madness, and several shamans of the dead were called upon for help. For a long time their efforts were fruitless. Then one of them obtained some stained menstrual pads. While another conducted the frantic beating of sticks, the leading practitioner waved one of the pads through the smoke of the central fire and laid it, with hemlock bark and dyed cedar-bark, on the patient's face. After leaving it there a few moments, he took it off and, while the beating of sticks was stilled, threw it out the door. When this had been done four times the woman was restored to sanity. Later on she said she had seen the ghost of a certain *Tsiwaut*, a man recently deceased. Emerging from her trance she found herself in her house surrounded by numerous people and the shaman working over her. If he had not been able to cure her, she would have died; in fact, it was impossible to discover whether the Bella Coola regarded this woman as having been cured of an illness, or as having been restored from the dead.

Sīkwulwaiāq called for the singers to whom she sang four songs, relating what she had seen. They described how she stood by a fire in the land below, where the sun travelled from west to east, and where everything differed from this earth, though reminiscent of it. The singers learnt the songs, and it was to their music that the women danced on later occasions. She was able ever afterwards not only to cure maladies caused by ghosts but to talk with them. For this purpose she was in the habit of lying down at night in the graveyard, looking down into the land of the dead which was open to her, and conversing with the inhabitants in a strange whistling language which the living could hear, but could not

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enhanced. She was also able to pass downwards at the edge of the sword for sweat to the door.

Anutiläkmut, an old shaman from the dead who died not long ago, obtained his power by choosing to visit their land. The themes of his songs were of the land of the dead where, he said, there were many people; where those who had been rich on earth were rich, but where those who had been poor were still poor; where those who had been blind could see, and those who had been maimed were whole. He told of *Palualit*, a legless creature who lives in the land below, but can travel with amazing speed. In fact this shaman stated that it was he who was sent when the ghosts wished to communicate with the living, a statement contradicted by others. He told further of *Kanuitudjin a*, a supernatural woman resident there, who is able to pick berries with phenomenal rapidity. But this talent avails her little, since her basket is full of the teeth of dead men who devour the fruit as fast as she picks them. It was *Anutiläkmut* who described how in the land below there were only two enormous trees of the kind known to the Baffin Lands as *kiji*, under the shade of which the ghosts played a game resembling football with huge, light balls.

A dead person usually chooses one of his own relatives as the proper person on whom to bestow the power of a shaman, but their actions in this respect are neither to control nor to be controlled. Ceremonial chastity is of assistance, and power can usually be obtained by anyone who lies four days and four nights, face downwards, on a new grave. Nor does every sight of a deceased person bring with it this faculty; in fact, ghosts are greatly dreaded since they usually cause harm to the beholder. On one occasion the mother of an elderly Baffin Lands woman left the house one evening, to return shortly with her face screwed up into a ghastly smile, green in colour, and with saliva dribbling from her mouth. She was quite mad. A shaman from the dead succeeded in curing her, or it may have been in restoring her to life, and she was able to tell how she had seen what she took to be a man with face averted. She

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shaman pours the grease on the central fire, and throws on it also the figures and some dried salmon. Thus propitiated, it is believed that the dead will be more likely to allow the sickness to be sucked forth.

Shamans from the dead perform conjuring feats and dramatic performances of the same type as ordinary shamans. Until he gives his first dance a newly created shaman is known as a *hon*, the same word that is used for a *hocing* initiate, and during this period he wears the shaman's collar of incrowined dyed and undyed cedar-bark. If he is wealthy and influential, a shaman will repeat his dance every fourth year. Such a performance can be held at any season, although the usual time is after the *hocing* ceremonies. The dramatic representations are of scenes witnessed in the land below, though sometimes they are done in a reverse manner, following the practice of the dead in doing things crossedly. Thus one shaman reported that the ghosts were very long blankets, but when he danced he wore one that came only to his hips. The method of singing is the same as that employed by ordinary shamans, but one whose power is derived from the dead dances with head bent downwards, his free hand pointing to the ground with four fingers extended. Also his cry of "*ewai, ewai, ewai,*" crowed in intervals with a deep cadence, differs from that used by ordinary shamans. A dance always terminates with the distribution of food to validate the ceremony.

Like ordinary shamans, those from the dead cannot transmit their power. At death their songs too are lost, unless they choose to give them to a friend who is also a shaman from the dead. This is obviously contrary to the theoretical belief that all songs have been obtained during revelations, but is not at all contrary to the Bella Coola practice of having the singers assist the visionaries in "remembering" their visions.

The following tale, although drawn from the distant past, is a typical illustration of one of the many ways in which shamanistic power is received from the dead.[1]

[1] Six stories of similar type have been included in vol. I, [illegible] one to explain the life of the dead, and others are grouped together in the next chapter.

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The Lads Who Visited the Home of the Dead

Long ago there was a Bella Coola man who had two sons. His wife died, and presently he remarried, becoming in time the father of an infant daughter. The second wife abused her step-sons, their father neglected them, and the two were poor and miserable, their best friend a faithful dog. When the people were invited to a feast, the lads were frequently overlooked as being of no importance, and their step-mother used to upbraid them for lacking the spirit to master this insult. They could not answer, but meekly bided their time. The two used to sleep on a raised platform behind the fire in hope of receiving supernatural assistance, and always left the house by a hole in the floor rather than through the door, thus observing one of the essentials for those who wish to obtain aid.

One day the two set out on an expedition into the mountains, carrying skin with which to make snowshoes. As they were sitting at this work, the dog, which had followed in matters no usual, rushed off barking furiously. The brothers hurriedly finished the shoes and followed the animal in time to see it disappear into an opening after a porcupine. The elder looking, the two entered the cave which grew wider; on and on they went until finally they could see light in the distance. Guided by the barking of the dog ahead of them, they finally emerged into daylight, to find themselves in a new world, a land in which there was a large river and a sky resembling that above the earth, but different. The dog was waiting for them and had stopped barking.

The brothers set off up the river bank and presently saw on the other side a large town to which many people were moving about. The younger brother could see it plainly, but to the elder it was vague and indistinct. They called out to the people:

"Ho! Please send a canoe for us."

Though they called repeatedly, no one paid the slightest attention; the people seemed to be deaf, unaware of their presence. The two brothers remained all day opposite the village, calling out in vain with hoarse mouth, and all the time becoming more hungry and disgusted. Towards dusk one of them yawned noisily. To their surprise there was a commotion in the town; the yawn had been heard although their cries had not. They could hear the people on the other side of the river discussing the noise.

"Let us send a canoe to fetch whoever may be over there" was the gist of their remarks.

Presently a canoe was poled out from the farther shore, and held in position by the ferrymen beneath the bank on which the brothers stood, necessitating a jump of two or three feet to reach it. As the elder prepared to leap into it, he glanced down and saw that the canoe on the

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river floor were visible through the canoe as if it had no bottom at all. He drew back in fear. Though he knew it not, they had come to the land of the dead, where horrendous crones and other phenomena were to be expected. The younger brother, to whom the village had been plainly visible, had no fear, but leapt down heavily, and was paled across to the farther shore, where he soon disappeared from his brother's sight among the throng of villagers.

The elder youth, left alone with the dog, sat down and wept, thinking that he had indeed lost his brother. After a time he continued his journey up the river-bank where presently he saw a bridge. He eagerly went over, intending to turn back towards the village where his brother had gone, but as soon as he had crossed he lost all thought of his original purpose and continued his journey upstream instead. Presently he heard the sound of adze strokes, and drew near, cautiously, until he could see the man who was using the tool.

"Why have you come here?" the woodcarver asked.

"Oh, for no special reason," the boy replied. "I should like to see your chief."

The woodcarver guided him to the house and when near called out, "The stranger wants to see our chief."

People came rushing out of the houses and the lad realized that he had come to the land of the wolves. His guide directed him to the chief's house which he entered through a doorway cut in a totem-pole. Within, the chief greeted him in a kindly fashion, saying:

"Please sit down for a little while until I can bring some friends to play with you."

He went outside, but presently returned and led him through the door to some mouse-skins which he had spread on the ground under the totem-pole. Then he called the friends, who were four wolves. They came leaping out of the house and devoured the young man; but though his body was in four pieces inside the stomachs of the four animals, he was still conscious. After eating him, the beasts devoured the dog. Presently the wolves vomited into a dish, whereupon the chief re-formed what had been wedded into a human being, and the lad was as before he had been eaten. Then the canoe was done to his dog.

The chief now beat once upon a drum as a signal for the people to adorn themselves for a dance; again he beat, and they assembled. Apparently all was ready, but the boy realized that the leader of the orchestra was absent. Again and again the chief beat on the drum, until at last the missing man drew near. He entered singing:

"I had been out with his younger brother and his dog. A porcupine caused the mountains to open for him."

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As he sang, smoke could be seen rising from behind the house; the youth could see that it came from Porcupine's fire, but the song explained that it was eagle down for their mortal guest. The singer repeated his song; more smoke ascended from another place, which the lad saw was Mountain Goat's fire. The song was sung again and again, and at each repetition new smoke could be seen, from the fires of Deer, Black Bear, Whistler, Marten, Beaver, Wolverine, in fact from all animals except Grizzly Bear. The chief explained to his guest that whenever he wanted meat he could go hunting and would be able to see the smoke rising from the fires of various animals.[1]

"Tomorrow you will return home," he continued. "Your brothers (meaning the four wolves that had eaten him) will go with you to carry some presents."

Next morning [it was really a year later] the wolves tied up gifts of smoked meat in blankets woven of goat wool and sewn blankets of whistler, black bear, and marten. The meat, though a large quantity, was reduced to so small a compass that the four animals carried it without difficulty. The five travelled back to the spot where the two brothers had sat down to make their moccasins, and at that point the wolves returned to their home.

Now for the first time the lad remembered his brother, and began to weep bitterly, thinking that he must be dead. But presently he heard the sound of footsteps inside the cave through which the porcupine had guided him; they grew nearer, until the younger boy emerged. The elder was overjoyed, but his delight was turned to dismay when he saw that his brother's face was green and haggard, with a strange expression; that he had lost all the flesh from his body, and that his clothes, the same that he had worn when they parted company, were torn to tatters. His brother's appearance affected him so much that he fell down dead. The younger lad, however, had been made a shaman by the dead, so he quickly restored his brother. They exchanged experiences; the younger saying that the dead had given him the name *Kipdzs*. His appearance was vastly improved when he clad himself in a black bear blanket and two whistler cloaks brought by the other from the village of the wolves. The two returned home, entering the house secretly and lying down at once

[1] To understand this the reader must remember the firm Bella Coola belief that all animals can assume different forms. To the ordinary person they appear as beasts, but in reality they lead lives resembling those of humans, having houses, fires, blankets, and other comforts. An individual who is able to see the smoke of their fires will have no difficulty in finding the homes of the animals and hence will have great success in hunting. The only one this lad was to avoid was Grizzly Bear, who was so fierce that pursuing him would be dangerous.

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on their old bed on the raised platform behind the fire. No one knew of their arrival.

Although neither the father nor the step-mother of the lads had shown them any affection when they were at home, as soon as they were lost both had been overwhelmed with grief. They lost all energy and, sunk in misery and self-recrimination, would sometimes lie for days on opposite sides of the house, not even keeping a fire alight. The other inhabitants of the village considered them beneath contempt, and often at night they would relieve themselves in the house of the sorrowing couple. The only person with any energy in the household was their daughter, now a child about five years old. On the day of her half-brothers' return she happened to throw some rubbish on the fire and, as it flared up, she saw long hair hanging down from the raised bed. She called out to her mother:

"Perhaps my brothers have come home. I see the hair hanging down."

But the mother answered: "Be quiet. Your brothers have been away for a year, we do not even know how they died."

The little girl was not satisfied. She threw more rubbish on the fire and again she saw the long pendant hair. When she told her mother the woman cried out angrily:

"Be quiet, you little liar!"

The two brothers had been listening to this dialogue, and the elder now took a mountain goat bladder filled with grease which he lowered so that it swung to and fro beneath the platform. When the little girl again threw rubbish on the fire her eye was attracted by the swinging object which she took and carried to her mother with the remark:

"My brothers must certainly have come home, see what they have brought."

Now the woman believed, and carried the bladder to her husband on the other side of the house, telling him the glad news. Together they went to the raised platform where the elder brother greeted them, but lied, saying:

"I am alone, I do not know what has happened to my younger brother."

In his delight at the return of one of his sons the father became sufficiently energetic to cut some firewood, such an unusual undertaking that some of his neighbours came to ascertain the meaning of it. He told them the news, which was passed around until the whole village knew, and all assembled in the house except those who, having polluted it, were now frightened to appear. The two brothers did not come down, and only the elder spoke to those gathered below. One malicious person tried

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to injure him by throwing on to the roof not far from his head a pad stained with menstrual blood, but *Kîpdzs*, by means of his magical power, knew that it was there, and whispered to his brother, who passed the information to his father, so that the old man was able to remove the pad before either of his sons was injured. The elder brother told the people where he had left large supplies of meat. This they brought in with great rejoicing the next day.

Although the two brothers remained constantly concealed, rumours began to circulate that the elder was not alone. After a time it became generally known that the supposition was correct, and that the younger brother had received a shaman's power from the dead. A malicious chief made the statement that he did not believe this and cast insinuations as to why a shaman should conceal himself. *Kîpdzs* used his power to inject sickness into the man and after a few days he died, though no one knew the cause.

Then the elder lad said, "My younger brother has told me that you should not bury the dead man too quickly. Let him try to restore him."

Some of the deceased's relatives were willing, others were not, but at last they agreed to give *Kîpdzs* an opportunity to show his skill, and he revived the dead man without any difficulty. In his gratitude the chief gave the restorer his daughter as a wife. Not long after, another chief expressed his disbelief and again the shaman caused him to become sick. This time the people at once appealed to *Kîpdzs* for help; this was refused, but when the man died he restored him, as he had done on the previous occasion. As before, he received a wife as a mark of gratitude. The reputation of *Kîpdzs* was now established; many dead persons were brought to him to be restored and through the presents given to him he was able to give potlatches. Nor did he forget his elder brother, but obtained wives for him too. Meanwhile the latter was having great success in hunting and brought in so much meat that he was able to give a potlatch at which his younger brother danced and was given a name.

One evening,[1] not long after this time, a little girl about six years old kept crying and crying; nothing would pacify her. The parents tried to soothe her but at last the mother said:

"Let's go away and leave her, the dead will take her."

So all in the household withdrew to the bedrooms, leaving the girl weeping beside the central fire. Presently her cries grew fainter, and the mother rushed out, but her daughter had vanished. The sobs were coming from beneath the ground, and they realised that it was indeed the dead who had taken the mother at her word and had seized the child. It sounded as if the girl were just beneath the surface of the ground, so the

[1] Cf. a similar story (I, p. 503).

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people threw resinous sticks on the fire and followed to the graveyard, where the cries led them. They took sticks and dug furiously, but could not catch up to her, for the sobs grew fainter and fainter as the child was carried below.

In their despair the parents called *Ḵ'ipdɛs*.

"All right," he replied, "I will try to bring her back. Please leave me alone in my house and I will invite the dead to a feast."

He collected all the vessels with urine in them from the village and gave one to each of a number of assistants whom he stationed around the walls of his house hidden beneath the roof. Then he invited the dead, who assembled with the exception of the woman who was taking care of the little girl. After repeated invitations she too came, and took her place on the chief's seat behind the fire, with the weeping child in her arms. *Ḵ'ipdɛs* gave the signal and his assistants emptied the vessels. At once the dead people became impotent and sank as heaps of bones to the floor, leaving the little girl apparently unharmed. The parents picked her up eagerly and the bones were swept out to the graveyard.

The child kept crying out for salmon-berries, which were unprocurable, as it was winter. So the parents appealed again to *Ḵ'ipdɛs*, who understood that what she wanted were snowberries, which are as salmon-berries to the dead, in whose land she must have eaten them. She would eat nothing else and, as they are not nutritious, she soon died, nor could she again be restored to life.

A similar version omits any mention of a step-mother as the reason for the boys leaving home, and simply begins with their following the dog into a cleft of the mountains. The dead, after receiving the younger boy as in the preceding tale, try to make him eat "cranberries," which are in reality the eyes of corpses. Meanwhile, the elder youth encounters the wolves, but in this case is given instructions about entering their house, whereby he escapes being eaten and is greeted cordially and granted a boon before leaving. This is the ability to gain a desire by merely wishing for it. It is by exercising this power that he meets his long-lost brother. In this account the younger boy's name received from the dead is *Ḵ'dyukdɛmut*, and Death, *Sɛ-lɛm*, gives him a stick with which to lift him from his position on the lid of a coffin. In the end *Sɛ-lɛm*, his patron, recalls the young shaman to himself. This version, which is the more abbreviated of the two, makes no allusion to the attempted rescue of a child from the land of ghosts.

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Direct Revelations from the Supreme God

As has been noted, a shaman receives his power from one or other supernatural being, not from the supreme god, *Alquntăm*, himself. Yet instances are known to the Bella Coola of such benefactions, and to a visionary so endowed the term *sndyom* is applied. In every case a revelation of this type is considered to have taken place comparatively recently. In view of the manner in which biblical tales, introduced by Europeans, have spread from tribe to tribe in distorted form, it is not improbable that all such examples of the direct appearance of the supreme being can be traced to this source. Having heard from the white man of cases where the deity has appeared to men, the Indians would be only too ready and willing to accept and transmit such a tale, since it belongs to their general culture pattern. In the example here given, the instructions about dissemination of the knowledge imparted in the vision, as well as the claimed foreknowledge of European houses, strongly suggests a post-white man origin. Further, once the concept of the possible appearance of the supreme god is accepted—and no Bella Coola would question the accuracy of accounts heard from others—it would be a simple matter to attribute the powers of very strong shamans to this source. Accordingly, several typical shaman stories have been included in this section because it is claimed that the principal characters in each was a *sndyom*; it is highly probable, however, that if such a tale could have been collected when the whites first reached British Columbia, he would have appeared as nothing more than a shaman.

A *Sndyom*

A man whose home was on the lower Fraser was once cooking fish with hot stones in a box. To do this properly he needed four sets of hooters; when the food was nearly ready and he was dropping one of the fourth collection of stones into the box, the tongs, weakened by much hard usage, broke. The stone fell into the boiling water with a splash, severely burning the man, who, as it was salmon time, wore no clothing.

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Even in his pain he thought of the way in which human beings are less protected than beasts and this idea troubled him so much that he fainted. *Alquntăm* saw that the man was distressed and while he was still unconscious appeared to him, saying:

"I see you are worried about your lack of clothing. I have a message for you. Strange people, somewhat resembling yourselves, are approaching from the far east. They will help you out of your plight. You will find them cooking without the cumbersome boiling box; their houses will be warm and they will even have smooth coverings to their floors; there will be special places for sleeping and wonderful cooking-pots. Though all be warm in these houses, yet the fire will be invisible."

As a result of this vision the man became a *snā'yom*. In the autumn he moved toward the coast and built for himself a house of special type with a raised sleeping platform in it, reached by a ladder.

Alquntăm had told him to transmit his message to other tribes, and for this purpose he travelled to the sites of Seattle, Comox, and Nanaimo, telling what he had heard in his trance. He further said that the newcomers would wear clothing, leaving only hands, feet, and faces exposed. This, too, he had learnt from the vision, also that the strangers would arrive during the generation of his hearers.

His fellow tribesmen used to eat large quantities of clams, which could be gathered only at the time of full-moon or new-moon, when the far-receding tide exposed a great expanse of clam-bed. The people decided to test his power by asking him if he could not gather the shell-fish at a time when the tide was medium and the beds covered. The visionary was on his platform in the upper part of his house, but without raising his head, he said:

"Yes, get ready; I will join you immediately."

He descended, passed through the doubting crowd which made way for him, and went to the ocean, with eyes tightly closed. Arrived at the water, he lowered his hand to feel it, then carefully put his foot under the surface, as if it were a mat. He advanced with short steps, going through the motions of one who rolls something back with his feet, and as he did so the water piled up as if it had been a mat, exposing the clam-bed. When he felt weeds under his feet he knew that the outer edge of the bed was reached and accordingly stopped, turned his back to the sea, which was now high as a wall, and held it back, without becoming wet. He called to his tribesmen who came and gathered the clams, though some looked doubtfully at the wall of water before them. When all who wished had done so, he ordered them to leave and returned towards the shore himself; the water following him, became normal and recovered its former area.

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The details of this incident are sufficiently circumstantial to presuppose a distorted historical event. Moreover, many of the old people had heard of the incident, another indication of the accuracy of the tradition. As far as could be judged, news of the vision must have reached Bella Coola about the year 1800.[11] It is said that the *snāxom* sang the following song in a language unknown to any of his hearers: *Aqwimicu aqwimicu sisils axwamic qwisiya*.[12] None of the older men appear to have any idea of the meaning of these words, or even of the language to which they belong.

No event has had such profound effect on the lives of the Indians of British Columbia as the coming of the white man. It would be surprising if, looking backwards, they did not feel that it had been foretold by prophets. The preceding story is the only Bella Coola example of such a belief, although tales of a similar kind are found widely throughout the province. In addition, there are a few traditions of prophecies fulfilled by the white man. One of these is that long, long ago, a shaman stated that in the future the dead would return with the ability to make fire by rubbing the end of a small twig along a rough surface, and that, soon after, all the Indians would die. The Bella Coola consider that matches are referred to in the first part of the statement, and read their own doom

[11] The approximate date was determined in the following manner: The most complete account of the event was obtained from a man fifty-six years old in 1924 who had heard the details from his mother. He was the youngest of a large family, so it is probable that his mother was about forty-five years of age when he was born. When a child of about ten, she had been told of the vision by a woman just passed the age of child-bearing, who had recently reached adolescence when news of the event reached Bella Coola. The figures can be arranged in tabular form.

Duration of the informant's life	56 years.
Interval between his birth and the time his mother heard the news	35 years.
Interval between transmission of the news to the informant's mother and its receipt in Bella Coola	35 years.
Total	126 years.

Allowing for exaggerations, this would make the correct date about 1800.

[12] A phonograph record was made of this song for the National Museum of Canada. Recorded as song VII D 21b; singer, Jim Pollard.

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in the second, as indicated by their diminished population. It is also said that about 1850, when a party of Bella Coola had camped for the night near Ocean Falls, one of the sleepers wakened his comrades by calling on them to look at the brilliant lights. No one then understood what he meant, but the meaning has become clear since the installation of electric lights in the town.

In addition to the preceding, a number of stories of the regular shaman type were collected, in which, however, the principal figure is said to have been a *snäxom*. They are included in this section for the reasons already mentioned.

A POTENTIAL *Snaxom*

The mother of an elderly Bella Coola used to receive direct communications from *Älquntäm* which gave her the necessary qualifications for a *snäxom*, though she did not wish to exercise her power. She was able to see over the whole earth, and to talk to sun, moon, and stars in a language which the other Bella Coola did not understand. She built a small house for herself in the woods where she usually slept alone; sometimes her husband joined her, but he was always afraid of the gigantic toads and other monsters that were her companions.

THE WOMAN WHO COULD CALL THUNDER

About one hundred years ago there was living in a village at the mouth of the Dean River, a man, *ᵘwinᵘxdlo*, and his wife, *Snᵘqᵘsix*. He was a famous hunter who frequently observed ceremonial chastity and his wife claimed to be a shaman, but the inhabitants of the villages on both the Dean and Kimsquit rivers doubted this, as did also those living in the lower Bella Coola valley. *Snᵘqᵘsix* was so boastful and disagreeable that at last the chiefs held a meeting and went one day to her house, where they told her that if she failed to give a satisfactory demonstration of her powers she would be killed.[11] Some were ashamed to doubt her word, but the consensus of opinion was that she should prove her claims, so they all sat down in her house and waited. She looked around and selected one man, *Kᵘsdᵘsd*, without apparent reason, and told him that he was to

[11] Such power on the part of chiefs is most unusual and, though it was related without comment by the narrator, should not be regarded as historically correct.

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summon Thunder for her. The spectators began to beat time while she danced sunwise. After some time she told *Kuɬkuɬ* to call Thunder, telling him what to say, and to address this supernatural being by his shaman's name, *Xwinxwitsakumlaix*, instead of the usual *Saiutl. Kuɬkuɬ* did as she bade him. Then the spectators again beat time, and again she danced, and for the second time her helper called to *Xwinxwitsakumlaix*. A third time the performance was repeated and after *Kuɬkuɬ* had called she said to him:

"You have reached him, he is looking back towards us."

Some of the spectators began to be frightened. After the fourth time of dancing and calling, a violent peal of thunder was heard, and all believed her. Then she stood up and stated that she had learnt a song from *Alquntum*, who had given her power in a dream. She taught the singers the following words:

"Our father is *Alquntum* who is going to look after us."

After this she told the people to go to the river, throw water over their heads, and pray to *Alquntum* to help them.

Next day she announced that she was going to a village on the Dean River to give a demonstration of her powers to convince the sceptics, and that she would like a number of the Kimsquit River people to accompany her. Some were unwilling, because they thought that if she were unsuccessful they would be held up to scorn, but *Snuqwaix* assured them that if she failed she would commit suicide, so they consented to go with her. Arrived at the Dean River village, all the inhabitants gathered to meet her in the house of one of the principal chiefs. She danced as she had done in her own house, four times, and after each dance *Kuɬkuɬ* summoned *Xwinxwitsakumlaix* on her behalf. After the fourth calling there was a violent peal of thunder, which convinced all of her power. She likewise taught them the tune that she had learnt in her dream from *Alquntum*.

After this second demonstration *Snuqwaix* asked some of her fellow villagers to accompany her to Bella Coola. Again they were afraid, especially as it was November when thunder is most unusual in British Columbia, but she quieted their fears and they set out with her. On reaching *Qumqutz* she went to the house of a chief, where the inhabitants both of that village and neighbouring ones soon gathered to greet her in such numbers that many had to remain outside. The shamaness danced as she had done on the previous occasions, and as before *Kuɬkuɬ* called to *Xwinxwitsakumlaix*:

"Your comrade wants you."

Immediately after the fourth summons there was a violent peal of thunder, and those Bella Coola who had been uncertain of her power were

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convinced. She taught them the tune that she had obtained in her dream and for eight days remained in the vicinity, carrying out the instructions of *Ălquntăm* by healing the sick. She was able to cure a patient by merely looking at him, and pressing the place where the pain was situated. It was universally agreed that she had justified her claims to shamanism; the coming of Thunder three times could be no accident. *Ălquntăm* had given her the power and designated Thunder as the particular supernatural being to bring it to her. From him she received the name, *Xwinxwitsakumlaix*.

When *Snuqwaix* returned home to Kimsquit, she told her husband that he must never again hold intercourse with her or she would die. This is in accordance with an old tradition; at her suggestion they continued to live together, and he strictly obeyed her command for one year. Then he disobeyed it and she died immediately.

A KIMSQUIT *Snāyom*

A Kimsquit woman, *Kusiyot*, claimed to be a *snāyom*, but the Bella Coola were unconvinced. On one occasion she, and a large number of Kimsquit people, came to Bella Coola where they were entertained in the house of *Patlas*; guests from the whole valley came there to see her and a doubter asked her to show her power. *Kusiyot* complied with the request.

"I want a man with a strong wash-basin," she said.

When she had chosen her assistant she said to him:

"You shall be my medium. The people have asked for an exhibition of my skill, and I want you to repeat to the powers above what I tell you."

She said something to him, which he repeated. *Kusiyot* laughed.

"That is good. They are moving," she remarked, "speak to them again."

He repeated her words a second, third, and fourth time at her bidding. Then she said to the spectators:

"Hide all the small children under the blankets."

Some were impressed and did as she had ordered, but others were sceptical and refrained. There came a crash and a blinding light, whereupon those who had neglected to cover their children hastily did so. A second, third, and fourth peal of thunder succeeded the first until the house boards rattled. Then she said to the doubter:

"What manifestation would you like, the powers are ready!"

"That is enough," he answered tersely, whereat everyone laughed.

Kusiyot dismissed her mouthpiece and the meeting broke up. Next winter the smallpox reached Kimsquit, claiming among its other victims

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a boy who was dearly loved by his father. The latter, thinking that *Kasiyot* was responsible for his son's death, killed her and was slain in revenge. Because of the doubts thrown by the Bella Coola on *Kasiyot*'s power and revelation her fame did not spread widely.

Power Localized in Certain Spots

778 [776] [773]

To the Bella Coola every supernatural being is, or should be, able to move, in fact many of them can travel with phenomenal rapidity. But, in the beginning of time, when *Ałquntăm* was populating the earth, he sent down certain creatures which were later turned to stone, thereby localizing their power. The term for a place where this happened is *smā·il*, which can be translated with accuracy as, "A Locality Where Power has Become Petrified." It follows that anyone desirous of coming in contact with supernatural power of this type can do so by visiting the spot where it is situated. There [773] are not many of these places, nor do they figure prominently in Bella Coola mythology, and, as usual, there are many contradictions in the accounts. Apparently there is a tendency to ascribe the occurrence of peculiar experiences to localities where power is petrified. The following are the more important spots of this type, with a short account of the specific attributes of each.

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(1) *Smaiew·a*, also called *Skaiskwusiłk*: At the head of the Clearwater, one of the sources of the Bella Coola River, and the place from which comes the warm east wind.

Concerning the origin of the power in this spot the following tale, which is regarded as very ancient, was obtained.

Long, long ago, the ocean spread far to the east, covering the whole Bella Coola valley.[1] The shoreline of the ocean was at the village *Skaiskwusiłk*, so called from a chief of that name living there. Mount *Xłłwaiłs*, which is now several miles inland, was then a point around which surged dangerous

[1] It is assumed that the world was unpopulated at that time, though mention is made of people who were living there. This does not strike the Bella Coola as a contradiction; the accuracy of an ancient story is never questioned, hence it is taken for granted that "people" in the modern sense, were not then in existence.

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currents, and where there was always much wind, making it feared by mariners in those distant days. Tradition does not state what being drove back the ocean to its present position; it may have been Raven who made the Bella Coola valley habitable.

Once a war party from the north swooped down to attack *Sluxlekwailx*'s town. Although the chief's herald, who was stationed a mile below the settlement, called out a warning, the raiders were successful and carried off a number of slaves. *Sluxlekwailx* could not bear to think of his people as captives and accordingly exerted his miraculous power to turn the whole place to stone. Houses, raiders, captives, canoes with their carvings, and paddles can still be seen there, all petrified. They have become *smā·tl*.

According to another account, *Sluxlekwailx* exerted his powers to petrify the canoes and the bodies of his enemies before they reached his village. He asked the paddlers whither they were bound, and when they told him he, or the mountain which he later became, for there is a confusion between the two, invited them to land. On so doing they were changed to stone, and in this form can still be seen, complete even to the paddles, a proof that the ocean once extended far to the east of its present limit. Many Bella Coola have heard of these canoes, and they are said to have been seen recently.

Since that time the power animating the place has frequently become visible in the form of an enormous snake. There, too, are to be found countless smaller ones, a constant menace to the unwary. The following incidents describe the adventures of people passing near this spot:

The trail to the interior makes a detour to avoid *Sluxlekwailx*, but sometimes one of the reptiles, many of which are enormous, will be found lying across the track. If the traveller is bold and jumps over it, no harm will come to him, but if he should try to avoid it by going around, the single snake will increase to a multitude. Not only material objects, but the

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539 intelligence of *Sluxlekwailx* has become petrified there and resents any slights.

Four men were once passing the spot on their way to the interior when one of them, in bravado, pushed with his stick against the stones which once had been the houses of the village, saying as he did so:

"*Sluxlekwailx*, petrify us if you can, we are not afraid of you."

When he drew up his stick it was covered with small snakes; more appeared from everywhere and swarmed over the four like ants. They started to run, but three of them were crushed beneath the swarming creatures and nothing was ever seen of them. The fourth man drew his knife and with it slit his clothing, thus dislodging most of the snakes, and, naked, he was able to run away. He succeeded in reaching some people to whom he told the fate of his companions, but soon his stomach began to swell and he died. Snakes had entered his body and his case had been hopeless from the start.

On another occasion four girls had just climbed a steep and difficult trail behind the *smā'tl* to avoid passing through the place itself. On reaching the level land above, one of them called out:

"*Sluxlekwailx*, I am glad to be safely past you."

But the jealous *Sluxlekwailx* heard her. He sent a gale, the ground rocked, trees were torn and broken, and three of the girls were swept away to their death. One only escaped by wrapping herself around the bole of a tree.

Another time four Carriers on their way to the coast passed a boulder on the shore of a pool which is at *Sluxlekwailx*. Although aware of the power petrified there, they derided it by thrusting poles below the rock and asking it why it did not show its strength by taking revenge for the insults they offered it. When they pulled out the sticks they were covered with snakes, and more appeared from the trees and roots in the vicinity. The Carriers fled, pursued by them, and after running all day, managed to make their escape at dusk.

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The place is still allegedly characterized by these reptiles; a recent visitor found the branches of the trees like snakes, and the very roots were in the form of them. The rocks in the vicinity are full of grooves like those made by snakes crawling through soft clay, and the whole neighbourhood reeks with their odour.

(2) *Pe-lsb*, Mesatche Nose: The point between North Bentinck Arm and Labouchere Channel.

Here is found a *snaix*, one of the most powerful localized beings, a creature comprising only a head and an arm with a mouth in the palm. The head can be seen in rock on the point not far above the waterline, but the giant arm rests far beneath the surface. At times the *snaix* bends its elbow so that the fist can support the head, as if the creature were pondering. On such occasions the upper part of the arm remains concealed below the water, while there is a gap about twenty-five yards in width between the upraised lower part and the rocky shore beneath the animal's head. A canoe can pass in safety through this, narrow though the channel is; but if it should take a course on the outer side of the arm the latter will crash down on the helpless craft, crushing it to splinters and driving these far beneath the surface. There has never been a survivor from such a catastrophe. The last time the arm was raised was about seventy years ago when a war party was returning to the north after raiding *Tăl'io*. They knew the necessity of taking the inner channel, so escaped unharmed, though they actually handled the mighty upraised limb. The Bella Coola firmly believe that the *snaix* will some day lift its arm again, and will crush the steamer that carries mail and passengers up the coast.

It was only a few hundred years ago that a certain Bella Bella learnt of the respect with which the other supernatural beings regard the *snaix* of Mesatche Nose. The canoe in which this man was travelling was sucked down beneath the ocean, but [illegible] admitted him as a guest to his house. The chief had invited all the underwater supernatural beings to a pot-

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778 latch, and the only vacant spot was the central seat behind
the fire. Retainer after retainer was sent after someone, until
● 539 finally the wondering human heard a steady thump, thump,
approaching. It was the Mesatche Nose *sxuaxy*, travelling on
his single arm, like a looper caterpillar, his head balanced pre-
cariously on top while the thump came every time that he
brought his fist to the floor. On his entry, the paintings of fish
and marine animals, with which the walls and boxes were
covered, came to life and cavorted around as if mad, but when
the chief took his seat behind the fire they returned to their
pictorial form. From this experience the Bella Bella man
obtained a *sxuaxy* name and myth.

778 (3) The Hot Springs on Labouchere Channel where the
mysterious power is that of a snake.

(4) A ledge of rock projecting over the water at a point on
the west side of Dean Channel about nine miles below
Kimsquit.

(5) *Ẍ̌ẍaẍdes*: On the south side of Burke Channel, a few
miles above Kwatna Inlet.

(6) *Sxuwaxlt*: On South Bentinck Arm, at a spot where the
water penetrates far under a ledge of rock.

(7) *Nakilā-ate*: On the east side of South Bentinck Arm,
where an enormous spider has been changed to stone. The
many colours of its body can be plainly seen amid the nume-
rous holes in the vicinity.

(8) The Hot Springs on South Bentinck Arm.

778 (9) Mount *Nusdalit*, the highest mountain in the Bella
539 Coola valley, belongs to the same category, since in the
823 beginning of time it was a man.
109 He, *Nūsalxwitl*, (which means "Too Heavy" in the sense of "so
important") came to earth from above at Cape Mudge and decided to
visit Bella Coola. He stalked through the land to the site of the present
Mount *Nusdalit*, wearing a high hat around which crawled two snakes
whose heads often crossed. From where he stood, he saw the lofty
mountain *Ẍ̌aiẍ* in the Carrier country, and resolved to visit it. At that
distant period this peak was a human being and from him *Nūsalxwitl*

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obtained two wives, the name of one being *Ẁsla*. He returned to Bella Coola with them.

Nänalsḵwitl knew that presently he was fated to become immobile, a seat of petrified power. Since he was able to select where this was to be, he chose the site of Mount *Nasḵulit*, midway in the Bella Coola valley, as a convenient place to overlook the doings of men. Before he transformed himself into this mountain, he determined that he would have people visit him; accordingly he changed his axe, *Nasḵumidjasta*, which he carried concealed beneath his blanket, into *sḵulit*, a stone much used for axes and adzes. Until the introduction of white man's tools his wish was gratified; people came from far and near to obtain the necessary material.

The human origin of the mountain is still remembered, since it is often spoken of by its chiefly names, *Nänalsḵwitl* and *Ẁsla*, relics of its existence as a man. This story is regarded as an origin myth, and as such might have been included in vol. I, chap. vi.

This mountain is regarded with awe by the Bella Coola on account of its great height, but it seems to lack most of the characteristics ascribed to other places where power has been petrified.

(10) On one of the mountains above Cascade Inlet there used to be a stone eagle with outstretched wings which came to this earth with the first people, but was petrified one day when drying its wings after fishing. About 1860 part of its beak fell away. A change in the condition of any of these places had long been regarded as an omen of misfortune, so the epidemic of smallpox that soon after ravaged the coast was not unexpected.

(11) *Ălkstmoc*: An unidentified spot where a *snuuq* of the mountain was petrified. At this place there is a small pool which is the repository (II, p. 8) of a certain *ḵusiut* dancer.

(12) *ᵘxᵘlᵘm*, "The Walker," the name both of a supernatural being and the spot where it is localized. This is not far from the glacier that lies near the junction of the trails from *Swaiḷi* and *Tăl'ăs*; it is the largest one in the vicinity of Bella Coola and is said to move its position. The being is in some way connected with it, hence the name.

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ceremonial chastity. This state is pleasing to supernatural beings, who otherwise are likely to punish one trespassing on their haunts. The Bella Coola have not clearly formulated their beliefs with regard to these places, consequently the experiences of one individual are usually quite different from those of another, a circumstance regarded as quite natural on the assumption that the supernatural beings are able to manifest themselves in many ways.

Skrlelkwaily and the Hot Springs on Labouchere Channel are the places that figure most commonly in mythology. At the former is *Skrlelkwaily*'s chamber-vessel, a pool always full of clear water though not fed by any spring. If a person suffering from the virulent skin disease known as *tlokaly* swims in it, drinks some of the water, and then vomits, he will recover.

Not only the pond itself, but the whole neighbourhood, is the seat of mysterious power, as the following tale describes.

Near the western end of the pool there is a rock from which long ago three men dived and failed to return. A sick man decided to do the same and leapt in, feet first, wearing around his chest some dyed cedar-bark. He plunged through the water and found that he was standing on the roof of a house; he walked around it, then returned to the surface, and back to his starting point. He dived three times more, and when he emerged for the fourth time his sickness had left him. He returned to Bella Coola and told of his experience. Since that time sick people have been carried to the pool, and have dived in from the same rock, always feet first, and always wearing dyed cedar-bark. All are able to feel the roof of the house, and are cured by the immersion.

The trail used by the Carrier Indians when raiding the coastal tribes passed by this lake, and on one occasion the Bella Coola, bent on retaliation, used the same path and paused to rest on the shore. They all bathed in the pool and asked help from the power there localized, then as they lay on the grass drying their long hair in the sunshine, a house emerged. Slowly it floated upwards, filling the whole area formerly occu-

gled by the water, and came to rest when it had risen to the usual height of a house. As each of the spectators gazed upon it he saw within that on which his own mind was centred. As it were in perspective he visualized his whole life, both past and future. One man saw the slaying of an enemy, another a potlatch with himself in the rôle of donor, another his children, and a sensual individual saw a man and woman in the sexual act. To each it appeared that the house contained only one image. Then slowly the house sank into the depths. The party went on and had great success, killing their enemies, who were powerless before them, without the loss of a single Bella Coola. It was this house which the sick people felt with their feet; the sight of it had given the warriors phenomenal ability.

Another seat of power is near the western end of the lake where the trail passes between two piles of dark red rocks that rise to a height of three or four feet. Each is roughly squared like a brick with dimensions of approximately 8 by 6 by 6 inches. The lumps are not regular, and yet form a distinct cairn. If a person by wishes to ascertain the length of his life, he takes a stick and shoves out one of the stones, which rolls far down the hillside; if he can do so without disturbing the rest, he will have long life, but should fate decree for him a short one, the whole pile falls in disorder. Another sign of long life is when the many sweys back and forth, emitting a squeaking sound like the leather in a new shoe, as he endeavours to poke out one of the rocks of which it is composed. On the traveller's return from the interior the lump has always resumed its original shape, though no one has ever seen one of the stones being picked up by human agency.

Sick people also derive benefit from immersion in the Hot Springs on Labouchere Channel. The following account was obtained from a man who himself underwent treatment there.

When a young man he had been initiated into the *Sacrier* society as a Breaker (II, p. 133) and as such wore a bear-skin cloak. His relatives were wealthy and advised him to keep his rule, saying that they would make it possible for him to

dance again in eight years. Four years later, one of his fellow-villagers offered him five skins for the one which he had used, and, when this was declined, the number was raised to ten, then to fifteen, and finally to twenty-one bear-skins. As there was no particular value in the mantle itself, the owner became suspicious and asked advice from his mother who admonished him not to sell, in view of the time when he would want it. Accordingly, he did not accept the offer, but when it was increased to twenty-five skins he did so. He did not know that the purchaser's desire for it was to enable him to retain the seller by magic through the acquisition of this personal possession.

The sale took place in April, and the following December the former owner became crippled with a disease which so weakened his back that he could hardly raise himself from the ground. When the sickness had lasted for one year, his friends carried him away to the Hot Springs on Lakeochoos Channel.

It was known that if a person were left right and day in the spring, scrubbing himself with hemlock boughs, to whom was given such power by a supernatural being that, like a demon of old, he could kill at once by means of a stick. Many of this man's relatives had been killed by rivals anxious of their success in giving protection, so it was feared that he might wish to continue the gained so much power. To prevent this, he was removed from the spring at night. On the first day as he lay on a mat in the warm water, there appeared on a far-away a diminutive man, about two feet tall, carrying a [illegible] each as his four ancestors had obtained (I, p. 000). The little creature ran around the room, when it returned to the starting point it stopped and was joined by a second one of the same kind. The two circled the room three times, on each occasion stopping at the starting point; they then vanished. The next day while the patient lay in the stream he heard from within the mountain four beats of a drum and a sound as if a large number of people were talking and calling together, though he

ON THE BILLA COOLA INDIANS.

could see distinguish any actual words. This sound, to be followed by the tinning sound of escaping steam, the water became so unbearably hot that, crippled though he was, he managed to crawl out. His courage soon revived, so, wrapping his head in his blanket, he returned to the spring. The water was still unpleasantly hot on his body and legs, but the covering protected his head. The same phenomenon occurred on the two following days. Four days later he was well enough to walk and was brought home. During his sojourn he saw supernatural beings, and is still hoping for a further revelation that will make him a shaman. He believes that this would have been granted to him if his friends had allowed him to remain at the spring overnight.

During the four days of his immersion he ate nothing, and his only nourishment was a little seaweed-gum which he did not swallow but kept in the right side of his mouth. After each bath he scrubbed himself with hemlock boughs. So in all such cases, for one year he observed continence and refrained from eating unwonted salmon. Failure to observe these taboos would have caused his death.*

According to another account the creature that visits a patient lying in the Hot Springs is a *hâkuk*. As closely described, it is a hairless animal, about as large as a small mouse, with legs so short that its belly almost scrapes the ground, an owl, and a large head with glaring eyes. The whole appearance suggests an enormous walking snake. This animal approaches the sick person, so he lies on a flat stone* in the spring, and takes a bite from wherever the sickness is situated. No wound can afterwards be seen, but the sickness is carried away with the biting. If the patient should lack courage and endeavour to escape he would soon die.

Others of these animals of the same or similar nature have been observed about forty miles up the Bella Coola valley.

* See vol. i. p. 499 for further remarks of this treatment.
* There are two of them, one used by men and one by women.

Between 1890 and 1900 two more were seen near Double Mountain. The last Bella Coola to see them actually left Anec one morning armed with a light shot-gun. He followed the trail to the reserve and was crossing the bare mountain, Kwatl', about forty-eight miles from the sea, when he decided to turn aside to shoot some of the ducks which breed in great quantities on the small lakes near the top of the mountain. As he walked through the grass he heard a rustling, and crawled on that he could get a better view of the place whence it came. He saw two dukwi'nokh which were catching ducks with their long tongues by shooting them out from their mouths. After watching them for some time the men returned to the camp without disturbing them. This man has only recently died. In former times they were more common, but one was seen not many years ago by a Cowichan Indian.

According to other informants, no one knows what supernatural power comes to the spring when it always appears at night, and any one who is rash enough to look at it dies immediately. A Bella Bella person [illegible] sick, with eyes closed, while he is massaged back to health.

Another man, while fishing for one of the monsters, had been in the habit of landing at the Hot Springs to get hot water for his tea. He drew it from a small cavity which emerged from a rock near to hand. On one occasion the fire stopped when he put the pot forward, but recommenced as he withdrawing it. Thinking this a mere accident, he returned the vessel only to have the water cease again. When this had happened four times, he realized that the resources had been exercised by some supernatural power.

"Shall Powerful One," he called out. "I understand you now."

He knew that it must be some creature within the rock that had stopped the fire, and wishing it to be at work, and even then he has obtained his water elsewhere.

Leaving these tales of the past, which evoke the supernatural, and passing from the experiences of men of sensitive, imaginative disposition, it is possible to describe the methods commonly employed by the Bella Coola when wishing to take advantage of the curative properties of these localities. In the case of serious illness it is necessary for a sufferer to make the rounds of all five places known on the coast. This was done, for example, by the father of an informant who had seen what he took to be a spring salmon in an inland stream where no ocean salmon should have been. He was foolish enough to leap in to catch the fish, which was really a swivel, and as it

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itself so to be by withstanding the crushing weight of stone and earth. An old Kimsquit man expressed the firm conviction that his great age was the result of this treatment soon after birth.

To Cause Imperviousness to Cold

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Kill a water ousel, warm it at a fire, then press it against every part of the infant's body. This makes him as heedless of cold water as the bird. A merganser may be used in the same way, or the foot of one be placed in the child's hand and pressed while fingers clutch it.

To Cause Quarrelsome Disposition

[155]

Burn the nest of wasps and rub the ashes on the infant's face. He will become as bellicose and quick to resent injury as the insects. One old man who habitually beats his wife explains that this is involuntary, since he was treated in this way when a child. Fighting is no longer allowed, so the only person on whom he can exercise his martial ardour is his wife. The woman regards the treatment as a matter of course and the reason is accepted as valid by her associates.

To Cause Success in Thieving

Kill a jack-rat, warm it at a fire, and rub the carcass lightly over the infant's body. This will make him as successful a thief as the animal. Other methods are to cut off a foot and put this in the infant clutches it in his fingers, or to rub its hands with the ashes of a burnt rat.

To Cause Success in Singing

533 719 125 156

Catch a live robin or *smamamush* (probably one of the thrushes) warm it at a fire, and rub it lightly against the infant's throat, saying:

"Maybe he a singer like you."

Then release the bird, and the child will grow up a songster. The following story is told of the power of the *smamamush*'s song:

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538 In the beginning of time it used to sing.
719 "I shall use a spoon and eat when the Bella Coola River has burst
125 its bounds on account of the running salmon in it."
856 The people used to laugh as it repeated this song year after year,
until the bird changed its note:
[539] "I shall use a spoon and eat when all is cold and clear. Then there
will be Death instead of salmon in Bella Coola."

The next year the streams were so clear that no fish could be caught and the starving people asked the bird to return to its first song. When it did so, the water became murky so that it was possible to catch salmon once more.

The Bella Bella, not the Bella Coola, use the body of a blue jay to cause an infant to grow up with the ability to master difficult tunes in the same way that the bird has a variety of notes. The method of applying this medicine could not be learnt.

789 Most of the above medicines are well known and can be
856 applied by any parent. If, however, a man has employed one of them successfully on a number of occasions, he is often requested to use his ability for others. In such a case, the father of the benefited child is expected to reimburse his friend.
[784] The application or non-application of such medicines is purely the concern of the child's family; they can use as many as they like, or none at all, according to their discretion.

The following medicines are used during the first year of life:

304 *To Cause Beauty*
789 Bandages of the softest undyed cedar-bark are prepared for
856 infants of both sexes soon after birth. A woman who is a good
532 artist is requested to draw with charcoal two pictures on one of the pieces of bark—of handsome men if the child is a boy, or of lovely women if a girl. An unmarked wrapping is first wound round the infant's head, then the painted one so arranged that one picture is over the forehead, the other over the occiput, and finally other plain bandages to cover the whole. These
[824] are left in place for about one year. They flatten the forehead

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754 drink water. This washed the sickness down into his own stomach, which caused every sc that he died. Recovery of their shaken saved the Christians from injury on this occasion.

Although the Bella Coola suspect that several of their tribesmen are sorcerers, their work is so carefully concealed that it is naturally difficult to obtain evidence against them. A few years ago, however, the two daughters of a *Tăl'is* man were searching for a calf lost by their father when they found a coal-oil can half hidden in a bush near the pasture fence. They poured into it, and were shocked to find a decayed human leg. They hurried home to their father, who investigated and found that it was the portion from knee to ankle, and that it was partly covered by a sock made for himself by his wife. This so terrified him that he took the find to the Indian Agent, who is believed still to have it. The finder was convinced that the deaths of several of his children must have been caused by earlier activities of the same, or another sorcerer. He suspected another *Tăl'is* man who had cleared a small farm in the vicinity, and who asked the two girls whether they had found a jam-tin near the place where the leg had been discovered.

The Bella Coola agree that sorcerers were more powerful in early times than at present, and recount a number of stories describing their activities. The following examples require no further explanation and clearly illustrate their beliefs.

A BELLA BELLA SORCERER

529 754 Not many years ago, in a Bella Bella bad boy dancing, he saw a man approaching him with a stick in one end of which was fastened a tuft of cedar-bark. He quickly realized that it must be a sorcerer who had come to collect some of his exhaled breath as a personal possession, so he pretended to be asleep. The villain came nearer, held the sponge-like bark before the sleeper's face for a moment, and then stole away. He did not know that his intended victim was following him. The sorcerer entered his house, cautiously drew out a human leg bone and tied the tuft of bark to it; then, reassured by the silence, he went to sleep. This was the victim's opportunity. He crept into the house, took another piece of bark, held it before the sleeper's face, removed the one around

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with his own breath, and replaced it with that containing the sorcerer's.

Before dawn the next morning, the sorcerer, ignorant of the substitution, took the bone and left the house. The youth had been watching and followed him to the edge of the sea, where he laid his bundle in a hole in the rocks through which the rising tide was sending up a miniature water-spout. The sorcerer went away at once, giving the lad an opportunity to remove the bone and secrete it in another cranny. He knew that the wicked man would soon become ill and would suspect that someone had tampered with the bone. So it proved. As the water whirled the bark containing his exhaled breath, the sorcerer began to feel light-headed and rushed off to the hole in the rocks. Meanwhile the wounded victim had summoned his neighbours to watch what might transpire. The man searched frantically, but of course could not find the bone, so, as the water rose and covered the bark, he was impelled to plunge repeatedly beneath the surge, until he was drowned.

THE OUTWITTING OF A SORCERER

Over one hundred years ago there was living in Kwaqa a powerful chief who owned a salmon-weir. Though an expert fisherman himself, he relied to a great extent on the assistance of a commoner who was still more efficient. One summer this man died suddenly. Immediately after the funeral, the chief examined his trap, removed the fish, and returned home, physically weary from his labour and more than ever regretting the loss of his assistant. For some reason he could not sleep, so, after waiting for an hour or more, he decided to gather firewood. There was a low-rising full moon, so he had no difficulty in going his road as he climbed the small mountain behind the village, carrying only an axe and a bundle. He had cut a bundle and was ready to return when he heard a grunting sound as though someone with a heavy burden were climbing the slope. Peering down the trail, he had himself in such a position that clear moonlight shone upon the path. After waiting a few minutes, he saw a figure approaching. It was Dzapanak, a local shaman, carrying a coffin upon his back. More thoroughly suspicious, the chief decided to follow, creeping in his axe for protection.

Dzapanak passed over the crest, descended the other side, and then ascended the slope of the mountain on the east, to long tongues to hide his course. The chief had no difficulty in following him undiscovered, and finally watched his unsuspecting guide put down the coffin and clear away the brush-wood. He seemed to be lifting something, which was followed by a grunting sound as if a large stone was being dragged across another; then he disappeared from sight and the chief realized that Dzapanak had

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descended into an underground house of which the combination door and smoke-vent had been covered with stones and small sticks.

The chief crawled to the entrance and looked within. Round the walls were ranged the corpses of all those who had died recently in the village, and Onqmed was removing the body of the corpse following from its coffin. He put it in line with the others and put on a dance apron decorated with human finger and toe nails. Then he began to dance, at the same time pressing the lever of a mechanical contrivance which caused the corpses to keep time with sticks and even to keep rise the air as naturally as do living corpses. It was most weird and uncanny, but after watching for a few minutes, the chief was forced to laugh. Although this was the first intimation to Onqmed that he was being observed, he betrayed no surprise and invited the laughter to come down the ladder into his house. The chief did so, and he was received in a courteous and hospitable manner by his host who frankly admitted that he was a sorcerer, and added that his corpses were just dancing to welcome the new arrival. He showed his guest everything of interest in the dwelling, including a box containing poison medicine in which was laid the skin of a man's left hand. He explained that he frequently took this to the village and, if he desired to kill anyone, would place within the palm a roll of cedar-bark on which his victim had breathed, then close the fingers upon it. This caused death almost instantly. The chief, though keenly interested, never relaxed his vigilance for a moment, knowing that the sorcerer would not have been so communicative unless he had felt confident of his ability to kill his host. Towards morning, Onqmed suggested that they return home, picked up the skinned hand, and was the first to climb the ladder, intending to stun the chief when his head appeared over the surface. His purpose followed close on his heels and finally, at the top of the ladder, turned the sorcerer with his head so that he sprawled on the ground and the chief was able to emerge with safety. Unprovoked by the foul fellow, Onqmed covered the sorcerer to his house so carefully that a man might have passed over it without suspecting its presence. The sorcerer warned the chief to provide his homewards, but the latter was on the alert for any such subterfuge and insisted upon following close at the heels of the malefactor. They did not separate until they reached the village, where each proceeded to his own house.

Although this account is supposed to be a historical record of a comparatively recent incident, traces of a supernatural type have obviously been added. The man who told the story did not seem to realize the difficulty of a mechanical contrivance to make corpses keep time, nor did it strike him that the doors of coffins must have been adapted from the stolen accessory performed by ghosts. The whole story was related as an example and the use of a supernatural means.

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The chief knew that his life was in serious danger although he had was the first round. Consequently instead of lying down to sleep, he seated himself with his arms stretched out before him on a box and his head supported on them so that he could watch through his fingers. As he expected, Onqusut soon came coiling in, holding a tuft of undyed cedar-bark. He made no movement, even when the sorcerer held this before his face and stole away with when it had been breathed upon. The brave man knew that his life would be in constant danger unless he could outwit his enemy and that it was his opportunity. He waited for about one hour, then quietly stood Onqusut's house where the sorcerer was sleeping peacefully, thinking that all danger was over, and the bear-skin was lying in place upon a box. The chief stealthily took a tuft of cedar-bark, held it before the sleeper's nose till it was impregnated with his breath, and then piled it within the skin from which he withdrew the piece already there. Having accomplished his purpose, he returned home without disturbing the sleeper.

The chief knew that Onqusut would wash the following morning if he intended to kill, so he remained awake and was watching the sorcerer's house before daybreak. As he expected, the malefactor presently appeared, carrying his chamber-vessel and went to the river. First he smeared himself with urine and waded in up to his knees, remained for a few minutes, and came ashore again. The second time, he waded in until the water was up to his thighs; the third time, he went on till it was shoulder-deep. Sorcerers always act in this way in order that the four parts of the body shall be covered consecutively, although no one knows why this should be done by them one. The hidden chief knew that Onqusut would soon disappear when bathed for the fourth time since the skin, secreted beneath his waistcloth would then be beneath the surface for a few moments. So it transpired. He dipped his head, but instead of being able to raise it, he was thrust somewhere the surface, and he remained in that position, slowly drowning. This was the fate which he had destined for the chief whose breathe had placed within his skinned head, but he was unaware of the subtraction which, of course, re-acted upon himself.

The watcher hastily roused his neighbours who came running to the lonely hill-chief and rubbing their eyes. They brought ashore the corpse of the drowned man while the chief recounted all that he had seen and done during the night. As soon as it was sufficiently light a number of men accompanied him to the underground house in the mountains from which the bodies were brought her and exhumed by their relatives. Previous to this time, no one had reported Onqusut of sorcery, but as soon as the discovery was made, thereby people slew all his relatives

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539 754 except an infant daughter. She grew up, married, and was the mother of the old Bella Coola, about seventy years of age in 1923, who is so loathed as a sorcerer. It is he who has the collection of spittle, and it is believed that, like his grandfather, he is the owner of a skinned and stuffed left hand with which he can kill a man as surely as with a rifle.

THE DISCOVERY OF TWO SORCERERS

Many years ago there lived at *Situa* two young men who were constant companions; they always hunted and travelled together, and were determined to share each other's fortune, no matter what it might be. One day they agreed to go up the valley to visit some friends, but decided to postpone their departure until dusk. One of the two went out for a short walk and failed to return by the time appointed; his comrade sought him everywhere and finally hurried off up the trail, thinking that his friend must have started before him. He soon heard sounds of laboured breathing as if people were carrying a heavy burden, and could just distinguish two men carrying a coffin on poles between them. He realized that they must be sorcerers and that their inability to turn around would give him an advantage. Stealing up behind them, he pushed the rear man, not only causing him to stumble, but the one in front as well, since their burden was resting between them. Neither could turn around to see who had discovered them, and they became more and more terrified as the brave youth first pushed, and then pulled the one in the rear. [774] Suddenly he called out, *ow*, so loudly in their ears that the sudden start expelled their spirits and they fell to earth as if dead. The lad watched their gradual recovery, feeling confident that his partner must be within ear-shot and would come hurrying back to his assistance if necessary. As soon as the sorcerers had revived, one of them said angrily to the boy:

"You will die presently."

"No," he answered. "It is you who are in grave peril."

At this point he called loudly for his companion who was so far ahead that he could barely hear the other's voice; he answered the shout and began to run back. The sorcerers, trying to make the best of a bad situation, mocked him by advising him to call again and to bring more helpers if he wanted to escape death. When his friend had come so close that he could see what was taking place, the youth called out to him:

"Partner! They say that I am in danger."

"No," the other answered. "It is they who will die."

When he joined the group the four began to discuss what was to be done. The sorcerers begged their discoverers not to expose their sin-

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doings, and offered to make them members of the *hamatsa* society in return for their silence. Though uninitiated persons, even this tempting bribe was refused by the two youths. Next, each of the malefactors offered a daughter as wife to each of the partners, and they accepted this bargain. For their part, the sorcerers were glad to escape at any cost, since they had been caught red-handed; they knew that henceforth they would have to assist their captors, but this was preferable to exposure.

The two groups parted company; the boys continued their journey to the upper village and the sorcerers went on their way to some cave in the mountains. Within a few weeks, each youth married the daughter of one of the malefactors, with whose assistance they were able to give potlatches and become influential personages.

A FAMILY OF KWATNA SORCERERS

Near the village of Kwatna there used to be two cemeteries. One was on a small point of ground at the mouth of the river which became an island at high tide; here were interred the bodies of chiefs alone, a custom said to be without parallel on the coast. It is not known why there should have been this special burial-ground, but the place was always spoken of as "The Chiefs' Island." Instead of being buried, coffins containing commoners were laid on ledges of rock at the base of a cliff behind the village; this custom, though unusual, is known elsewhere on the coast, at Kimsquit and Port Simpson, for example.

Many generations ago, there was a time when the corpses of commoners frequently disappeared from the ledges on which they had been placed, and although it was believed that a sorcerer was responsible, no one knew whom to blame. One old woman had lost nearly all her numerous relatives when she realized that, though there had been many deaths in the village and some families had been almost wiped out, no members of one group had been taken. This roused her suspicions; she soon noticed that whenever anyone was sick, four brothers of the family in question always made some plausible excuse to leave the village and proceed up the other arm of the inlet. She concluded that this could be no mere coincidence, the four must be sorcerers. Within a short while, another of her relatives fell ill and died in spite of all that could be done; this reduced her family to herself and her infant. On the day after the funeral, the four brothers said that they wanted to gather hemlock boughs and set off in a canoe up the other arm of the inlet for the purpose. They did not come back at night and the villagers assumed that they had been delayed and had camped. The bereaved woman, however, who had hidden herself below the village, saw the brothers paddle back around the

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534 754 point and conceal their canoe beneath a leafy tree instead of landing at the village. More suspicious than ever, she followed the four and was able to keep in touch with them in spite of the necessity of carrying her baby. They went to the cemetery, placed the coffin on poles, and two of them carried it away with the others in close attendance.

The mother, still clutching her child, followed the brothers up the side of a steep mountain behind Kwatna. They avoided all trails and travelled in zigzags until they reached the base of a precipice where a tall tree was growing. The mother, who was not far behind, could see that its upper branches grew across to touch the cliff at a point where the mouth of a cave was visible. The coffin was placed on the ground, three of the brothers climbed the tree, and passed from it into the opening in the rock. From this they shoved out a plank to form a narrow bridge to the upper trunk, and dropped a long rope which the one below fastened around the coffin; then it was hauled up, the fourth brother climbed the tree and all disappeared from sight. The woman continued to remain in hiding, but before long her curiosity was piqued by seeing smoke drift out from the opening. She decided that she must see what was taking place, so she moved her infant to keep it quiet, and then began the ascent. Without difficulty she reached a point from which she could peer within, and saw the four sniffing down the grease from the dismembered body of her kinsman. They were sorcerers without doubt, and she noted that they were preserving with care all the fat that exuded from the inside of the thighs. Each was wearing a mask, but she was able to recognize them by their figures.

When the poisonous decoction had been prepared, the sorcerers fell asleep, still wearing their masks. Blade held by her lunging for courage, the woman crept across the plank without disturbing the sleepers. Cautiously she picked up the spoon which they had used for stirring the mixture, lifted a few drops to it and held it to the mouth of the one whom she recognized as the oldest brother. He did not stir. With a quick, firm pressure she cramped upon his stomach, causing him to wake and swallow with a gasp; the poison was so potent that he died without making a sound. She took another spoonful of the brew and gave it to the second sorcerer in the same way and with the same result, and in this way killed all four. Stopping only to fill a receptacle with the brew, the woman climbed down the tree and hurried back to Kwatna.

Instead of describing what she had seen and done, the woman determined to wipe out the existence of the sorcerers. So she invited the whole village to a feast, allotting the proper place to each family. The whole procedure was unusual because she had killed no large game, but there is always a good deal of latitude allowed in such matters, particularly as

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everyone sympathized with the hostess on account of her many bereavements. Her only assistant was a woman who, like herself, had lost all her kinsmen. The food provided was hemlock-bark dipped in fish-oil, but the hostess contrived that every relative of the sorcerers should receive a portion dipped in poison instead. They all started to eat at the same time, and all fell dead simultaneously without a word.

Instantly wild confusion broke out and the guests exclaimed that they were being served poison. Unperturbed, the woman explained everything; how she had first become suspicious, how she had followed the four brothers, and all that had resulted. A party set out at once under her guidance and found that everything she had said was true. In this way perished all the relatives of the sorcerers except one man who happened to be absent at the time. One of his descendants is now living in Bella Coola and is regarded with a certain amount of suspicion, although there is no evidence that he or any of his relatives have practised sorcery for generations.

A BELLA COOLA SORCERER

Since the introduction of smallpox, there dwelt in the lower Bella Coola valley a shaman, *Amaxalkaiaxsto'ala* by name, he was a regular practitioner, able both to heal the sick or to cause death. When using his power beneficially, he shook a rattle containing a rock-crystal, but when he was requested to kill, he used one that appeared to be identical but contained human teeth and wolf fangs. In some unknown manner these were lost, which prevented him from obeying a man as requested by the chiefs of his village. One April day he mentioned his difficulty casually to a certain Tcilxa who surprised him by replying:

"I can supply you with teeth and you will have greater power than ever."

The two men chose as the time and Tcilxa, having admitted that he was a sorcerer, suggested that they form a partnership. He must have felt confident that *Amaxalkaiaxsto'ala* would agree, as indeed he did gladly. Tcilxa explained that the sorcerer's knowledge had been handed down in his family for generations, but that he had only recently begun to use it to avenge a slight or a feud of ours.

That morning Tcilxa guided *Amaxalkaiaxsto'ala* up the mountain on the north side of the narrow head of North Bentinck Arm, just west of the Nuskumcummy River. Shamans frequently ranged over this area, but no one had ever seen a sorcerer's lair there. Tcilxa led the way to a small rock shelter beneath which was concealed a chest about eight feet long. He kicked it four times with his left foot, and called out four times:

"Wake up!"

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Telle then raised the cover, and his companion saw that it contained a number of separate compartments, formed by raised strips criss-crossing within, and that the whole bottom was covered with a thick, black, oily liquid. On top of the cake-like division by a badly decomposed corpse which Awaskwinaxsiwe identified as that of a youth who had disappeared from the village the previous July and who was thought to have been drowned. Telle explained the mechanism of the box: Each section was for a different disease, stomach trouble in one, heart failure in another, consumption in a third, sudden death in a fourth, and so on. Whenever he wanted to cause a specific disease, he would dip a personal possession of the victim's in the oil at the bottom of the proper compartment and leave it there. All that was necessary to improve the patient's condition was to raise the article slightly so its liquid, whereas to lower it increased the force of the malady, and to leave it covered entirely caused death. It was generally known that such methods were used by sorcerers, but this was the first time that Awaskwinaxsiwe had ever seen one and he was greatly interested. He inquired the purpose of the boy's body, and Telle replied that he had killed him with the intention of taking his skin to use against the lad's relatives, but had been forced to carry away the whole body owing to the difficulty of removing the skin alone. Whenever he wanted to kill a person quickly and capably, it was only necessary to lay an article which had belonged to the victim on the back of the neck of the corpse. Death resulted immediately, since this was the spot where the spirit had resided during life. Also answering his friend's questions, Telle fumbled around in the bottom of the box and drew forth a number of soft reeds which he gave to Awaskwinaxsiwe. These the two were home to their respective villages, after promising each other mutual support and secrecy.

Although the two subchiefs took every precaution not to be seen together too often, rumours began to circulate that they were partners, and that Telle was a sorcerer. There was no proof of this, but the suspected man became so unpopular that he was virtually expelled from his village. More angry than perturbed at this, he moved three miles up the valley to the town in which Awaskwinaxsiwe was living. After waiting for a few weeks to allay suspicion, Telle determined to murder the chief who had been the prime mover in his expulsion, and sent his son to steal the victim's shoelaces. His wife discovered the theft the same night and promptly roused the whole village, realizing the danger to her husband if it should fall into the hands of a sorcerer. All-night search was made, but of course the article could not be found, since the thief had taken it away to his own home. Telle placed the cord

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in a compartment of his box containing a bear's bladder tied into sections, this caused his enemy to suffer stricture and soon to die in agony. 539 754

Following the usual custom, the relatives of the dead man smeared their faces with ashes which they left in position for a year. The widow, who had loved her husband very dearly, allowed this indication of mourning to remain even longer than the customary period. On several occasions Tsilke made somewhat slighting remarks about her excessive grief, and when one of his sons also commented upon it, she became suspicious and told her relatives. One of them was a chief of the village where Tsilke was then living and where he was already regarded with distrust. This man visited the home of his bereaved kinswoman and called the chiefs of her village together to discuss the matter, and to inform them of the suspicions which his conduct had aroused in his new home. Three days later, Tsilke happened to come to the village and was at once summoned to the house where the chiefs had assembled to interrogate him. Tsilke sat on a box in the centre of the group and denied, slowly and positively, that he had any knowledge of sorcery, adding that his poverty confirmed his statement. At this moment Awaxalaxalaxsiwe'dzi came rushing into the house, furiously brandishing a rifle, and exclaiming that it was scandalous the way in which unjust accusations were being levelled at Tsilke. One of the chiefs quietly slipped behind the shaman, knocked his fire-arm upwards so that it exploded harmlessly in the air, and threw him to the ground where he threatened him with a large knife.

"I will not brook any interference from you in this matter," he said.

This so frightened Awaxalaxalaxsiwe'dzi that he blurted out that he knew Tsilke was a sorcerer and that he had seen his box containing a decayed human body. Tsilke was less excited than anyone else, and slipped out of the house in the confusion, merely pausing to ask:

"What are you going to do about it?"

He returned to his new village where, of course, the news soon followed of what had been discovered. The chiefs decided that he must be killed, and that the most convenient occasion would be at a feast of seals which was to take place in the near future. Tsilke accepted an invitation to this and was slain while he was busy handling his spears. One of his sons was killed with him, another who escaped through a hole in the floor was slaughtered near the village. His two brothers were absent on a hunting expedition, but a party tracked them and slew them in their camp before they knew that their evil deeds had been found out. Tsilke's two daughters were allowed to live, but were given to a famous warrior who kept them practically as prisoners. Awaxalaxalaxsiwe'dzi, who seems to have escaped all punishment for his share in the affair, guided a party to the murderer's box. It was found to be old and worn-covered, obviously 539 754

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534 154 one used by some of Tolke's successors. It was brought to the canoe and thrown in.

Taboos

914 The Bella Coola regard as taboos those injunctions that are observed in the belief that their neglect would cause automatic punishment. The mechanism of enforcement is frequently not understood; it is enough to know that an unpleasant result would follow disobedience. Some taboos are in force at all times, others only during certain seasons of the year, and still [784] others at critical periods of life. Since the psychology of such beliefs is essentially magical rather than religious, they could justifiably be grouped at this point. Unfortunately, to do so would destroy the continuity of accounts of birth, adolescence, death, ceremonial chastity, and many other aspects of Bella Coola life subject to taboo. The injunctions enforced by the River Guardian, the restrictions observed by a girl after puberty, the continence required after different medicines, all are taboos, disregard of which brings certain punishment. These and many others have already been described in connection with the activities to which they pertain. It is doubtful whether the Bella Coola have a single word to describe taboos [785] in general, though they are all regarded as *cumlx*, that is, as something which is ceremonially unclean.

Scarcely to be distinguished from taboos are ceremonial errors, *yus cmut* or *kûs cmut*. Failure to give presents to hereditary chiefs when a seat breaks beneath a chief or a dancer stumbles, or unnecessary activity during the year's waiting for the fruition of supernatural good fortune are ritual mistakes of this type. Neglect of such regulations brings punishment, though of a lesser kind than the breaking of taboos. If the [211] error has been in connection with a ceremony, the offence can [208] be wiped out by presents to hereditary chiefs, and the terms *yus cmut* and *kûs cmut* are likewise applied to some of their prerogatives such as the ability to claim clothing during the marriage of a chief's child.

Most taboos and errors can best be described with other

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/For songs and dialogue which accompany the making of string figures see category 116, pp. 543-567./

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/The text of Bella Coola stories relating mythological and historical events will be found in category 116, pp. 386-517./

/Native accounts of warfare between the Bella Coola and neighboring tribes will be found in category 116, pp. 365-377./

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/For a discussion of Belle Creole songs and the text of songs see category 116, pp. 327-337./

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[The Dance of Nusketcin]

WINTER CEREMONIAL DANCES

Although theoretically, every *Ancient* should know the origin myth of his prerogative, these are rarely remembered, a case of which differing entirely from that with respect to ancestral origin myths. An ancestor of *Nusketcinmux* is supposed to have seen *Nusiłqmux*, decorated with the tails of two eagles stuck in his hair. The following myth was obtained of the origin of *Kemtcut*'s prerogative.

In the beginning there came down to Skowet Pus dance, a small encampment on the south side of the Salle Creek River about three-quarters of a mile from the spit, *Nusketcinmux*, his younger brother *Nuqumtcitsis*, and their sister. *Nusiłqmux* had given them a medicine house, or small dance house, but which could enlarge to any size at their wish. It was called *Nusiłqmux*, a name they borrowed also as their name. They brought the social prerogative, *Kemtcutsis*, with the right to perform a dance. The party, including Raven, who was like a son to *Nusketcinmux*, came down from their mountain top looking for a place to settle. As people were already living at *Kemgo* and *Nusiłqmux*, they chose *Skowet* as their home.

From this place the three could hear the hunting of drums, as the people of the adjacent villages performed their social dances and Raven determined that his companions should not lack the privileges which others enjoyed. Accordingly he flew down the East where he saw *Nusiłqmux*, whose he obtained as power for *Nusketcinmux*. This prerogative was embodied in the name *Kemtcut*, which is still in use.[1]

The prerogative of seeing *Nusiłqmux* is known as *Nusiłqmux Mimis*, "The Comer," or "The Ever-Comer." It will be convenient to refer to the person who has this power as X. As already described, if he had been initiated during the preceding ceremonial season, he is now obliged to dance. In later years, if he wishes to do so, he first consults the medicine, and if they consent he begins his preparations during the summer. Among other matters, X informs the singers of his intentions and they begin to compose songs. Occasionally they re-use one from a previous year, but to do this is to admit lack of creative ability. The usual practice is to compose new tunes and to adapt to them words bearing on the proper theme, sometimes including

[1] It will be noted that this myth is of the typical origin type, and furnishes an instance of the manner in which social prerogatives came to rank.

[The Dance of Wild]

The last to see himself is Earthen Faceboyan, an obstreperous individual, who always wants more presents than anyone else. When X announces that the beings above have taken their places, a carpenter brings forward the object covered with cedar-bark and painted with a design of Komoonkiddis,* holds it above X's head, and then gives it to a herald who runs it into the fire. At the same time X dances on the flames some dried cedar-bark, some undried cedar-bark, a little eagle down, and some chicken grease, saying:

"These Komoonkiddis,* accept this offering and be present," and throws his hands up in the air as if casting some object upwards.

Still dancing, X calls out help several times.

The painted representation and the cedar-bark are objects which Komoonkiddis likes to receive, the chicken grease supplies the flame on which they ascend to him. The same procedure is repeated for the eight other brothers, with slight variations in the words addressed to each. To Gaapaxtiddis, for example, X says:

[834] [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible]

When the time comes to invite the hungry Dzo-qoiddis a, an offering of food instead of bark is cast upon the flames. X continues to dance after the food gift, and presently a dead is heard on the roof which some fearful, chosen bystander for the purpose, accompanies a hidden blackbox-attendant which the supernatural hears in the voice of the owl. Whether they be

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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X, now almost mad, rushes around the house, shouting *ene, ene, ene,* while his call sounds loudly, as the whistle is pressed firmly beneath his armpit or against his stomach, and under a belt. Often the *kakaxtsi* slip a rope over his shoulders to prevent him escaping again. Finally, he rushes from the house and all the *kakaxtsi* crowd close about him on the sidewalk without. So many as possible press upwards against his body with their heads, while they shout, in trying to expel the evil upwards. On the fourth repetition X is supposed to have been driven forth, and in answer to the continuous shout of the *kakaxtsi*, there is heard the sound of a whistle from above. The uninitiated do not know that a *kaxtsi* has been dispatched with one to a mountain peak for this purpose.

The *kakaxtsi* now return to X's house for a meal. The first dish of food is placed before X himself, while one of the *kakaxtsi* addresses him and the assistants in the following words:

Nanaaghinee, ateeneh-ts' Ihats'ii ghaneh'
Greetings, comrades! Eat in the kindest way (the Cannibal)!
Ts'ii ghaneh' Yours. *Yaghiyeeh'ihatsan*
Mine, kindest one, Yours. Eat in agitation.

There is no ritual significance attached to any particular words, excepting the first one (greeting as to what they are), but the above may be considered a fair example of the kind of remarks addressed to a Cannibal at his first meal. After X has started eating, the other *kakaxtsi* commence and the remainder deliver their usual admonitions, praising X for what he has done and urging others to emulate his example. Then presents are distributed to those who have been hired. It is considered that a Cannibal compliments a man by taking a piece of his flesh, and that he is under obligations to the one given for the latter having allowed him to exercise his prerogative.

Literally means "His kindest fat" or "His kindest fats." It is a stock expression of the ancient cannibalistic feasters that has other connotations of this kind.

This is the complete form of the word.

Literally, eat by means of the performing Cannibal or the enemies that died, spoil are available.

[illegible] type of rivalry can be carried out only during the ceremonial season.

After killing and eating a human being, a Cannibal must conceal himself for a considerable period, sometimes as long as four years. The uninitiated are told that the great power within him has taken him up for into the upper regions during one or more years must elapse before he returns. During this time he can be seen only by initiates. The writer was told of one unfortunate corpse-eating Cannibal, Kitkatla, who was virtually secluded for eight years, since a storm was cast up his door every time he reappeared, thus forcing him to kill and eat. This name had been dormant for a number of years until conferred on the writer, who failed to exhibit the prerogative.

One other type of Cannibal prerogative remains to be described, namely, that of biting oneself. This is even less common than that of corpse-eating, being enjoyed only by two individuals, Qalbaalaay of Dsee and Dsong of the Kitsegukla River. The following account of the origin of the latter's prerogative was obtained:

[illegible] Many years ago, even after the five people were in the world, the chief of the Gyets-dzoos was much more exacting than it is at present. At that time the inhabitants of the earth were not pleased with such oppressive power, but they were able to perform many fine feats of the greatest day are appeased only with the aid of supernatural forces. There was then living in one of the villages on the Kitsegukla River a certain Dsong who had the prerogative of biting himself. He was then training as one of the secret-society, and when he failed to secure the people were convinced that he had power to perform all the rare feats that he had [illegible]. Although exactly one week for the body, it was not until the following year that a ceremonial house found the children. From the position of the bone it was judged that their confidence was complete, he had failed himself by eating the flesh of his own flesh. The chief and other influential Nakazdzi held a meeting at which it was decided that henceforth Gyets-dzoos would only be eaten, and carried out in reality. The following names the name and prerogative was conferred on the son of the dead man, who he himself has not unfortunately sought to make serious injury.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 113

myths concerned with the first people. In following tale explains the reputed genesis of the living progenitive embodied in the name Pinnagaaldeiyan.

[illegible]

Many years ago, a number of folk were going near the village of [illegible] when they were alarmed by the hearing a wail and run back to their homes. Then [illegible] repeated, and again they [illegible] to [illegible]. The third [illegible] happened, while on the fourth the folk [illegible], but saw an enormous white wolf on the mountain above [illegible]. Fascinated, they [illegible] when the animal [illegible] disappeared rapidly. It [illegible] up to a [illegible] Pinnagaaldeiyan, and vanished. As soon as [illegible] and [illegible], living people, a [illegible] around [illegible], and [illegible] a [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

him as guide. Both heard the hooting, and soon saw a pack of supernatural wolves eating dog-flesh. The men were able to steal away without being observed and *Hat-sūkhlā* told *Qēlēmas* to say nothing about what they had seen. A little later he gave a dance in which he wore a wolf's mask and pretended to eat dog-flesh. His neighbours, ignorant of the reason by which this dance had been inspired, were considerably impressed.

Another exploit of *Hat-sūkhlā* and *Qēlēmas* may here be recorded, although it is unconnected with the Cannibal dance.

One night when they were spearing fish, a house suddenly arose before them. *Qēlēmas*, startled and terrified, began to cry, but *Hat-sūkhlā* quieted him.

"I am master here," he said. "We are in this adventure together and your task is to keep quiet."

Then a house appeared before them from the depths of the ocean. It was really a *qāmaitl*, with its luxurious wealth of doorway, and though the visitors naturally feared to enter, he climbed to the roof, so that he could gaze within through what corresponded to a smoke-vent. The house was filled with valuables of all kinds, guarded only by gulls. *Hat-sūkhlā* enabled inside with his gulls, bathed forth one object after another and swung each across to his slave on the mainland to hide in a cave. Unfortunately, a cough happened to draw near, whereupon the house slowly sank back into the depths.

Mention might here be made of a *Sisaa* repository, still to be unique in Bella Coola, that contains five Cannibal canoes. It is in the form of a human being with a tail, kneeling and bent forward so that hands and head touch the ground. A repository is at each point of entrance. The names are:

Qēlēs, the head of the creature; *Awaxtsūlis a*, the left hand; *Gwaxtsūlā*, the right hand; *Hūtsūlis a*, the left foot; *Kwūtsūlis a*, the right foot; *Hāyaxtlēs*, the tail.

In this repository there lives a mākqua with a copper lining to his mouth.

It will be seen that these myths help but little to explain the Secret society, or even the origin of the Cannibal dances; they appear to be only rationalistic attempts to account for established customs. For this reason they have been interred after a description of the Cannibal dance.

[The Breaker Dance]

[illegible]

[illegible] shows; of circling to one of the back corners and receiving the first food as usual meals; of paying those on whom they exercise their prerogative, and of infinity to forego an arrival of strangers. This last prerogative, if it may be so termed, lasts for the ceremonial season, and in the case of a novice, for the following summer as well. Moreover, Breakers do not destroy the goods of fellow Breakers, Scratchers, or Camellids.

In view of the similarity of this rite to those already described, no effort was made to collect full details. Different Breakers have minor variations in ritual, similar to those already discussed. The following is an account of the manner in which the Breaker, *Spit of Swallow*, performed the rite a number of years ago. As on previous occasions, it will be necessary to use the possible terms, and to refer to the dancer as X. *Spit* gave the following account of the origin of his prerogative.

Long, long ago, soon after the first people had come to the earth, a marriage was about to take place in the village of *Swallow*. So that future period the people were so powerful that they could themselves extinct Great Bears, and the bridegroom determined to be as a bonnet of the event. He chose to imitate the actions of *Swallowgrandchild*, *Hummingbird*, one of *Hummingbird's* sons, whom he remembered having seen dancing across to his father's house before he, the bridegroom, was born to this world.[1] When guests were piled up ready for distribution as marriage presents, the men began to hurl across several, one of them displaced from a box, struck the bride and killed her. The unknown accident solved the question of the name, as for succeeding names it was decided that he should be called, *Spit*, 'He of the Fatal Hit.'

Since that time a lot has been achieved for an Breaker may dance a call-songs ceremonially during his dance, and the wardish guests are also Breakers this ceremony. The Breaker is in the house with a number of Scratchers, to whom he makes [illegible] his traditions, the ceremonial is that the assistants do not see him over a stone, even at a ridging dog, the usual reason for doing so is Safe Cards.

When X wishes to dance he must first obtain the consent of the wardish in the usual manner. He also arranges with Scratcher to have house and other wooden objects placed within

[1] This song is also called Hummingbird, 'The Fastest One.'

[illegible] THE MULLA CHELA INITIATION

[illegible]

dangerous. Unless he is restored to life before dawn we will slay you."

The other uninitiated marvel that any of their number should be held enough to cause the ballarins, ignorant of the fact that those who do so are really quite whose part in the performance has long since been arranged by the mandals. Instances are remembered when the cradle or copper frame was ballarins and the performer was killed, in such a case the spies actually slew one or more ballarins to preserve the privilege of the society. Exact details were unobtainable, but it seems clear that the victims were selected with the aid of the mandals during the night; they were, of course, men of little importance in the community.

The spies prevent anyone from leaving the house and guard only the six initiates, except for the constant wailing of the women, particularly X's relatives. The ballarins, grouped a couple until dawn, allow some of the uninitiated to come forward and pass cowries around the fire to see the corpse of X with the bloody wounds exposed. At this juncture, the old women selected for the purpose sing the mourning song, of which the words and tune never vary; they are believed to have been handed down from time immemorial. The theme is of Gurumāīn G, a kindly supernatural woman[1] who restores to life ballarins killed in the performance of their rites. The singer in the upper, eastern, rear corner of the house sings the following words:

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

After a short interval, she is answered by the singer in the house, western, rear corner of the house as follows:

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible]

The general meaning of this song is obvious, although there are several obscure expressions which serve to increase the wonder and fear of the uninitiated. Silence follows the singing, then whistling is heard and a horrid announcer like one of the puppet-persons uttered once. It has left him and gone to the region above. Similar whistling announces the departure of others at intervals. When several have gone so, it is time for the first to return. A thud, made by a hidden accomplice, is heard on the roof and whistling breaks out afresh. Sometimes the puppet-person returns to it, but more often it is invisible, and the resemblance previously observed is removed from the body of the dancer who continues to be as if lifeless. Now and then the uninitiated are invited forward to look at him and they notice that the gaping wound is slowly closing, so easy matter to escape in the dim light of the house. Intervals the puppet-persons go and return from the land above, and the proceedings are sometimes enlivened by the concave sifting a handful, who in turn informs the audience, after the puppet-persons are on to journey aloft. Usually each goes and returns four times in the course of the night. Each of the women selected to sing the mourning songs performs once, standing in a corner of the house and moving a small wand with alternate hands of dried and undried cedar-bark. In the long night passes. Towards dawn continuous whistling is heard. This is made by several men with a whistle apiece, and begins so soon as the breath of the person is nearly exhausted. It is known as the voice of Dzoqoaka or Dzoqoaka, but not to Bella Coola, this is the signal for the entry of the giant seal. Carpenters have made a wooden figure of the amphibian and by means of concealed strings it is

[illegible] 575*
[illegible] 946*
[illegible] [582]
[illegible] [970]

[illegible] [994]

[illegible]

[illegible] [771]

land of the salmon early in January, and it is owing to his successful raid that there is a plentiful supply of fish the following year. The fact that the Bella Coola attribute the same function to *Nusk!apaem* provides no difficulties to native philosophers.

"Different individuals have different stories," they say, and the fact that the two are contradictory is a matter of no consequence.

The incidents described in the following myth are always spoken of as having taken place long ago, and yet the coming of *K!wesiwa* is an annual event, a confusion disconcerting to the investigator though not to the Bella Coola themselves.

K!wesiwa[1] once led a raiding party against the salmon, whose home is far to the west, and against the heetsa who live in a flat and warm country beyond even the land of salmon. His crew consisted of birds who are spoken of in the myth by ceremonial designations, and to be either their supernatural or their heetsa names. One informant spoke of these beings as individuals, and only added that they were birds as an afterthought, while another emphasized their avian rather than their human characteristics. This is not surprising, considering that the story belongs to the distant past when birds and human beings were not so clearly differentiated as they now are. *K!wesiwa*'s crew consisted of:

The Bald Eagle, *T!ulmaell*,
The Hawk (?) species, *Sesulqwaiuic*,
The Raven, *Tsemaqulaic*, "He Who Talks at Dawn and Wishes Everyone";
The Water Ouzel, *Tlikmaemtlikin*, "The Walking One";
The Great Blue Heron, *Sk!aemtlikin*, "Long Shank";
The Hummingbird, *Sk!ayas*;
The Cormorant, *Kaulaiuic*, who joined the expedition at Bella Bella as a passenger;
Four lazy supernatural beings, *Kaualaiuic*.

The expedition was under the special protection of *Kalems*, a female supernatural shaman, who guided the canoe in which the raiders travelled by the force of her incantations as if it had been a compass. After a lengthy journey, the party reached the land of the salmon where the chiefs obligingly drifted low in the heavens so that the fish could see their

[1] As most mythologically connected with whom, the Bella Coola were the east.

2:9k Boas-Teit. E-9 (1925-1924) 1948
NEA Bellacoola NEA

[The Dance of Winsinx]

fish. Each of the crew captured a different kind of salmon which, in the myth, are referred to by their supernatural names.

The Bald Eagle captured the spring salmon, *Ohsidzmes*, "The One that Changes Itself," a reference to the two forms in which this fish appears before and after spawning.

The Hawk captured the sockeye salmon, *Semsitlaxemux*, "The One that Possesses in the Head of the River."

The Raven captured the hump-back salmon, *Sesk!umaxis*, "The One that Fills the River."

The Water Ouzel captured the dog salmon, *Spaxiaxa*, "The Maker of Good Weather," a reference to the calm weather in August when this fish spawns.

The Great Blue Heron captured the coho salmon, *Kpapaxemxaiken*, "The One that Makes Us Fat."

The Cormorant captured a variety of dog salmon, *Gelpas*, for the Bella Bella.

The Hermaphrodite was also successful and filled the enormous baskets which he had brought for the purpose with a large number of berry species.

As soon as the raiders had achieved their purpose they returned to Bella Coola and released their booty; since that time there has been an abundance of salmon in the river and of berries on the hills. The Cormorant left the canoe at Bella Bella and released the dog salmon there; that is why this variety of fish has since been plentiful at Bella Bella.

Several Bella Coola *Sukwiac* have a dance prerogative of which the above is origin myth. The details vary slightly, and some informants stated frankly that they had forgotten the names of the bird crew. The reasons given for the use of *Winsinx* as person likewise vary. According to one account, in the beginning of time *Alpaxnim* placed the name *Nuxsxaxmai* in a repository near the summit of the lofty Mount *Sx*, near *Nuxa*. He had two reasons for so doing: he did not wish it to be defiled by passersby breaking dust into it with their feet, and he wished the owner of the name to be the first to see the return of *Winsinx*. The repository is a small pond, which can move from place to place, but, being itself supernatural, is visible only to those who have purified themselves. Since that time whoever has had the name *Nuxsxaxmai* has had the *hereditary* prerogative of seeing *Winsinx*.

Z:\McDermith R-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NEA Bellevue NEA

[The Dance of Thunder]

the uninitiated are expelled. If several *kakwirie* in the same village are protégés of Thunder, each makes a circuit independently, but they agree to meet afterwards in the house of one of their number. There all members of the society assemble for a meal provided hurriedly by X, or by a number of meals if several have Thunder as patron; in this case there is no pooling of food. The marshals take the opportunity of giving their customary admonitions, as if it were midwinter. Next the singers combine their ideas and beat out a new song of which the theme is Thunder who never roars, it is worded as if X were speaking and describing what his patron is doing. This song is sung and sung until all present have learnt both tune and words. If there are several *kakwirie* with Thunder as patron, a song is made for each and practised in the same manner.

When all is ready, one of the herolds calls in the uninitiated. Each song is sung to the accompaniment of beating sticks while a dancer performs. Instead of X, this is an old man or woman who has not had a call for many years. Often the *kakwirie* selected is so old that he or she can dance only with the support of a stick; no reason could be learnt for this surprising deviation from the usual practice. If several songs have been composed, a new dancer performs to each. After the last dance the uninitiated are expelled and the *kakwirie* soon follow. Since no call has come, it follows that it is of a ceremonial, though not of a sacred nature, and does not take the regular course of winter dances. It is said to "make good the path of Thunder," the term employed being identical with that used for the dance on subsequent after the burning of the masks.

Nothing more need be said about the Thunder dance, except to give the following origin myth:

Long ago, long before the white man came to this land, but still longer after the first settlement, four brothers left Kitsegukla to hunt mountain goats on Mount Pingukdzi', near the Kitsegukla River.* It was September,

*This mountain is also known as Stump-head, Salmon Mountain, the shape resembles the fish in question and it is said that long ago, in the very beginning of time, a salmon became petrified there.

J: McGowath E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NEA Bellacoola NEA

the guns were plentiful, fat, and unsuspicious, so that before nightfall they had killed four. Well satisfied, they lay down in a cave to sleep for the night. At that time no one knew what supernatural being caused thunder; the earliest inhabitants of the world had possessed that knowledge but it had been forgotten in the intervening generations. Towards midnight the hunters were awakened by a loud boom and wondered what could have caused it. Presently they saw approaching a figure resembling a man, with a weird ram's-horn face, who carried in each hand a huge rock crystal.* He raised and lowered his arms as if pounding; at each movement the crystals struck each other, producing the booming sound and also emitting a flash of light. The eldest brother, *Sasks*, told the others to cover their faces with their blankets and to keep their eyes closed, because some evil and powerful creature was drawing near. But the second brother, who had caught a glimpse of the two crystals and greatly desired them, watched cautiously, hoping for an opportunity to steal them. Thunder, for it was none other, ranged around; at intervals he passed across to the other side of the intervening valley on a sidewalk which grew before his feet to form a bridge for him, and on it, too, he was able to retrace his steps. Several times Thunder crossed and recrossed, accompanied by reverberating peals. He came near the four brothers and danced; then lay down while fire emerged from his nostrils. The second brother began to feel scorched, gradually the heat increased, but he was powerless to move; before dawn, when Thunder vanished, he had been roasted to death.

The three survivors buried the dead man in a hastily made grave in the floor of the cave and went home, abandoning the mountain goats which they had killed. *Sasks*, though grieved at the loss of his brother, felt that the latter's death was his own fault for peeking when he had been warned not to do so. Not long afterwards the two younger brothers died. Then the sole survivor told a carpenter to make him a mask secretly, according to a design which he would describe. In this way the face of Thunder was portrayed in wood. When the mask was ready, *Sasks* wore it and gave an imitation of the actions of his patron; no one had ever seen anything like it and the people were amazed.

No great antiquity is ascribed to this myth and it gives no explanation of questions which at once arise in the investigator's mind. The type is fairly common in Bella Coola; in fact, the only unusual part of it is that the visionary received a *Sasks* prerogative rather than one of the forms of good for-

*This is said to have been equivalent to the five-note of a Thunder dance.

Z:McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6

tune previously described. To the Bella Coola philosopher, apparently no explanation is needed of the manner in which *Saiks* was allowed to use his experience as the basis of a *kusiut* dance. The assumption is that he was a *kusiut* at the time of his experience, although this is not clearly stated. The last to use the name died about 1910, each *Saiks* having had the prerogative of giving the Thunder dance.

THE GHOST DANCE[171]

Among the numerous patrons of *kusiut* dancers are Ghosts. The term, *ăsĕnĕots*, applied to a shaman whose power is derived from a ghost, is also applied to *kusiut* with one as patron, but the two functionaries must not be confused. It is a fairly common prerogative and there are Ghost dancers in every village, their right depending in every case on some experience of an ancestor with a ghost. The following is an account of the manner in which *Septos of Tcowatl* performed his ritual; it may be regarded as typical of all, and the dancer can be referred to as X.

At any time during the ceremonial season X consults with the marshals to decide upon a suitable time for his performance. On the evening preceding, normally the *qotlom* of some other *kusiut*, the marshals state that his call is imminent; X makes his final arrangements and asks the assistance of a number of his fellows.

When the *nuluxam* rites of the following evening have been completed and the uninitiated have returned to their own houses, they are startled to hear whistling from the forest near at hand. It is not the instrumentally produced sound that accompanies the coming of a call, but tuneless whistling with the mouth; everyone knows that this is the language of ghosts. A visitation from them is by no means unknown, and always dreaded, so at once there is excitement and everyone cowers in the bedrooms. Presently heralds go through the village

[171] This relationship is implied with the choice of the same name among Indians of other culture areas.

2: McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
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[The Moon Dance]

*575 *796 821 [532] No detailed description is needed for the ceremonial on either *nusiutălxap* or *qutlum*. On the evening of the former day the masks are ordered; one for *Asiutănem*, who appears to be confused with the Moon itself, one for each *Aiqwaiust*, one for each *Snitsmăn·a*, and one for *Ăno'likwolsaix*.

[532] Late in the afternoon the *kukusiut* assemble in X's house to see that everything is in good shape. A large mat has been spread across the back wall of the house and on it a disk representing the Moon, with a human face in the middle. After the usual discussion the uninitiated are called in. Each *Snitsmăn·a* remains standing alone in the two back corners of the house, while the two *Aiqwaiust* are in the central space behind the fire, constantly waving their arms to and fro. Suddenly the Moon itself appears against the matting. A carpenter, concealed behind the screen, directs its course so that it moves in a short arc across the background and disappears; *Ăno'likwolsaix* explains to the uninitiated that this is the track of the new Moon, low down on the horizon. A second time it "rises," and moves across in a longer and higher curve, which *Ăno'likwolsaix* says is the longer orbit of the waxing Moon. On its third course it is still higher, and on its fourth appearance it moves across the full width of the house near the roof, which *Ăno'likwolsaix* describes as the course of the full Moon, far above the mountains. She also explains that we are indebted to *Snitsmăn·a* for cleaning the Moon's face after the *Aiqwaiust* have blackened it, as otherwise no light would be visible. This ends the spectacle; the uninitiated are sent away, and the ceremonial concludes in the manner already described.

This constitutes the Moon dance as practised during the ceremonial season, but in addition X is required to dance whenever his patron is hidden by an eclipse. On such occasions the ritual is identical with that described for an eclipse of the Sun.

*575 *796 ●539 424 778 551

THE DANCE OF THE MURDERED SLAVE

One of the chieftains who came to earth in the beginning of time was *Ălkmotusaix*, whose wealth was so great that he was able to invite his associates from far and near to potlatches, and thus acquire many *sisaok*

J. McDougall E-5 (1922-1924) 1968
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owners for his only son. Becoming confused with this form of greatness, he decided to institute a *Dzoxur* ceremonial for his child. As their sons-in-law were so powerful that they could create their own repositories, and *Alimamaxsala* resolved to make his son's in his own house. To give strength to it, he dug a hole and buried alive in it a female slave with her small infant. The unfortunate woman was a member of the tribe known to the Bella Coola as *Tsawát*, probably a branch of the Haida; like all other northern tribeswomen she wore in her lower lip a plug of abalone-shell. *Alimamaxsala* also buried in the hole a large number of the wooden which abounded in his house. The uninitiated were told that the woman had chanced to stumble upon a repository and had become *halala*, "rendered incapable of returning"; from this circumstance she was henceforth known as *Anukulalalaix*. The *halaxsiut* also informed non-members that the woman had been made immortal, and was forever to remain as a slave in the repository. *Alimamaxsala* chose the name *Xqaiwa*, "Sharp-Nosed," for his son, a reference to the sharp beaks of the numerous crests shown on every object in his house. This designation has since been transmitted in the usual manner; every owner has had the right to perform a dance with the buried woman as person.

In describing the ritual it will be convenient to refer to *Xqaiwa* as X.

When X wishes to dance he obtains permission from the marshals and makes his preliminary plans in the customary way. A suitable date for the coming of the call is chosen, and, on the night preceding, the weeping of *Anukulalalaix* is heard in the forest behind the village. The weeper is one of X's associates, but no uninitiated would be reckless enough to venture near. She moves down the valley, as if coming from the repository near the village of *Stuie*. The next evening X receives his call and the uninitiated are expelled from his house. The dancer blackens his face, puts on a ceremonial collar, and goes out alone to find the slave woman; presently he returns, leading *Anukulalalaix* by the hand. She is disguised as an old, old woman, clad in rags and carrying on her back a bundle made to represent a small infant; over her face is a mask with a plug of abalone-shell in the lower lip (see Plate 12).[1] She slowly circles the fire, weeping bitterly, while the *halaxsiut*

[1] [See category 116, p 164 (F)- ANALYST]

assemble to witness the dance of *Ayanáwe*. This is his function in the land above, as it is natural for him to do the same in this world.

THE DANCE OF *Ayanáwe*'s FISHERMAN

Ayanáwe in the land above has a servant who uses a hand-net, cain, in fishing for his master. He is accordingly known as *Ayanáwe*'s *Ewaxáin*, "Fisherman," and is patron for a *kwáxat*.

THE DANCE OF THE TOP

The playful *Ámulíqwalóbi Ayanáwe* has a favourite toy consisting of a stick which can be made to spin between the hands. This top, if it may so be termed, is patron for some *kwáxat*. The writer was unable to learn how it is displayed on exhibition.

THE DANCE OF THE PETRIFIED HAMMER

The patron of one *kwáxat* is a hammer which in some way was changed to stone in the beginning of time when the Bella Coola River first flowed to the sea.

THE DANCE OF THE GRIZZLY BEAR

A *kwáxat* named *Bálkwa* has, as patron, a grizzly bear resident in *Ayanáwe*'s house.

VARIOUS ORIGIN MYTHS

In most cases *kwáxat* dances have been preserved until the present day, although the myths on which they depend have long since been forgotten, but the reverse is sometimes the case. The following myths, were recorded with few, or no details of the associated dances. In several cases, one of the same type has already been recorded, so that the significance will be apparent.

A COMPOSITE ORIGIN MYTH[115]

Long ago there lived in *Ilaux* a man and his wife who were powerful, prosperous, and able to give their children many good names. This

[115] Related by Mrs. Willie Hauk.

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across around the jealousy of several of the chiefs who caused the death of the couple by means of sorcery. The children, two boys and one girl, the last the youngest of the family, were then left orphans. No one helped them and they suffered greatly from lack of proper food and clothing, besides being forced to bear unreasonable responsibilities and trials. One spring the ice went to the house so gather hemlock bark for food. The oldest boy climbed a tree and threw down pieces of bark which the little girl helped to pick up, so long her brothers all said the bark she was helping a kindly forest because she was really too young to be of assistance. One piece of bark blew some little distance away; she ran to get it, but in a moment came hurrying back to him, saying that she had seen a strange man clad in a bear-skin blanket, with dried cedar-bark and eagle down in his hair. At first the five brothers did not believe her, but at length they went to investigate and found the man, as she had described. He was lying on the ground but sat up when they approached.

"I have seen your parents," he said, "and how you have been afflicted through no fault of your own, but solely owing to the jealousy of the evil disposed chiefs. It was they who killed your parents, but now I give you such power that you will be able to vanquish."

"Your name shall be *Nanoa*," he continued as he turned to the oldest brother. "You shall be a Cannibal. When you dance energetically, instruct someone to cut your stomach vertically and your inside will fall out, trembling. They will return to you as dawn and you will then fully recover, having frightened the unmannered."

"Your name shall be *Sung'mai*," he said the second boy. "You, likewise, will be able to have your stomach cut, but you will not be a Cannibal."

"Your name shall be *Nagwa*," he said to the third brother. "You will have the ability to go to the land above to request rally power. You will be able to forestall the length of a man's life from the condition of his pest, and to cure the sick by straightening those that are leaning."

Turning to the fourth brother he continued:

"Your name shall be *qaw*. You are to be a *wa'a* dancer, with power to give food and grease to Owpeetsilde and his brothers in the regions above. On such occasions you will wear a head-dress of branches covered with eagle down."

Then he addressed the fifth and youngest lad, saying:

"Your name shall be *ursmi'a*. You will have a *hamsa'* dance in respect to that designation, but without special ability."

Finally the stranger turned to the little girl and said:

"Your name shall be *Qaoiwaka'i*. When you dance you will be able to use any one of ten songs and have as patron any supernatural being

[illegible]

[illegible] 436
375*
[illegible] 140*
530
[illegible]

[illegible] you shall be more powerful than any of your brothers and it will be you who will succeed as the successor of your parents, because you will be a diviner."

The man, a supernatural being, of course, told the six that their opponents would be the two gods on the shores of which they had met him, it was evil in shape, whose names are too long and many with the added one to name one Nyamesheghare'e. Having given the necessary, the strange vision vanished.

The six orphans returned in a somewhat hesitated condition to Ogre. They went into the hovel where they were staying and what's who was about eight years old, described a very old woman with the harmless play. In unreasonable anger she spanked him severely, and the other brothers told that same to her with unequal power. She paused behind the old woman, by so doing she screamed to herself the latter's spirit without making even the motion of taking anything, and without the victim being aware of her loss. [illegible] with the supernatural element as a wife, as one spite a power, and there is on the bag of sacrifices piled up behind the house. Presently, when the women wished to use the convenience, she took a stick with the intention of breaking in the sanitary can. She rose to the platform for the purpose but a broke beneath her and she fell; the stick she was carrying pierced her heart and she died. The accident was, of course, due to the loss of her spirit. The five brothers were delighted with the realization that their sister was really as powerful as the supernatural one had said she would be.

The boys next told their sister to slay the principal chief, who had instituted a scheme to kill their parents. [illegible] went behind him and screamed his spirit to herself; she broke in between her hands and presently the owner fell dead. Though secretly delighted, the brothers thought it wise to appear grieved, and accordingly set about to weep. As he was doing so, a kindly old woman patted him on the head, saying:

"Don't distress yourself, little boy. It is the man who killed your parents who is now himself dead."

But she had no idea that it was one of the orphans who had caused his death. Within a few days [illegible] captured and destroyed the spirits of two other chiefs who had had a part in the slaying of her parents; in each case the man died within a few hours of his loss. These two deaths so worried the people of Jibou that all the chiefs determined to leave, since the mobility, whatever it was, seemed to kill only those of importance. They took down the cedar boards forming the walls of the houses, piled them on canoes and made ready for departure, taking no heed for the poor people, including the six orphans, who were left shelterless.

Qaiemaxa-i moved to and fro among the chiefs as they were busying themselves in preparations for leaving, and drew to herself the spirit of every one of the party. As they pushed off from the shore, she put them on a board which she set afloat behind them. It capsized in the first eddy, immersing the various spirits, and presently the canoes were upset and their occupants all drowned. The six orphans continued to live at *Stuie* where they intermarried with the poor people and in time the village increased in population and fully regained its old importance.

This myth has many points of resemblance with those described in vol. I, chap. 10. Each of the six orphans, and especially *Qaiemaxa-i*, received the boon of supernatural good fortune, but the present given to the five took the form of a *heriot* prerogative. The names so received are either in use at the present time or have but recently become dormant. *Nacim* was used by the father's brother of the woman who related the story; *Sonq"mai* belongs to her son, a boy about eight years old; *Nuqem* is the property of another youth, related to the family; *qaem* has been lent to a friend, subject to recall at any time, and *Qaiemaxa-i* is used by a girl relative about twenty years of age. Each of these has the prerogative of carrying out the dance given to their ancestor at *Stuie*, long ago.

ORIGIN MYTH OF THE DANCE OF THE SUPERNATURAL CARPENTERS[115]

In the beginning *Alquntam* went down to a point on the upper reaches of the Clearwater four brothers, *Nimitsamlaix*, *Waiaxam*, *Alquntam*, and *Hai-le-kala* with several sisters whose names have been forgotten. They thought they were the first to reach this earth but presently, to their sorrow, saw *Tlikumkila*, a man who had preceded them, and the women cried bitterly in their mortification. *Alquntam* had given *Nimitsamlaix* shamanistic power which he now used as he rubbed his hands over his sisters' faces to carry away their tears.

"Become fog," he said, as he held the palms of his tear-stained hands towards the land of the *Ta-ao-ai* people.

That is why there are thick fogs in the vicinity of Alert Bay to the present day.

Nimitsamlaix and his relatives moved a short distance down the valley

[115] Related by Steamboat Annie.

where they settled. *Aqumim* had given him the ability to kill mammals and birds by merely projecting his power at them, and in this way he obtained food for the whole party. He could also revive his victims with the aid of a peculiar stick bearing archaeus, consisting of sperm cells. These he arranged around a fire balanced on brass which he could move with his feet, so he pleased, the cells became animated and took on femininity. It was *Aqumim* who had given him these two human attributes. *Hiuhiwaikais* tried to turn mammals into men, but succeeded only with the cats of the wild, whereas these experiments appear human even today.

Aqumim gave *Hiuhiwaikais* the prerogative of carrying out a burial dance, which has been performed in the same manner ever since by the owners of that name. His patrons, for he has four, are the supernatural Carpenters. *Hiuhiwaikais* has the further prerogative of wearing, when dancing, a wooden head piece over his forehead representing *Qe'ka*, gratefully one of the blackbirds. On the right of entrance, when the musicians are called in, masked figures of the four Carpenters appear, each carrying a conventional specimen of his work. Bows (or ends) illustrate the masks proper to these beings. *Awi'likwaikais* is, as usual, to accompany and explain the significance of the apparitions.

ORIGIN MYTH OF THE DANCE OF *Nuwaiqquum*[178]

There was once a middle-aged woman who had not been initiated into the ranks of the *katsinai*. She decided that she could gain this distinction only by saying *Awi'likwaikais* herself, so with this aim in view she set out to search for the supernatural one. First she penetrated to the source of every creek entering South Bentinck Arm; then proceeded up the Nuckwaumuny River to its very head, again visiting the head-waters of every affluent, and finally went up the Bella Coola River, as before, exploring each side stream. For a whole year she travelled without seeing anything supernatural.

At the source of the Clearwater she came to a lake on the other side of which she could see a single column of smoke. It ascended without twist, coil, or movement, as if it were solid, so she knew that it must have a supernatural origin. Bravely she skirted the shore, till she saw that the smoke was rising from a house made of evergreen boughs. Stealing nearer, she beheld *Awi'likwaikais* herself within, working with a woman *Nuwaiqquum*. *Awi'likwaikais* was using rock crystals to strike the woman senseless, and then reviving her; but all the time was causing *Nuwaiqquum* to sink into the ground. Breathless with excitement the

[178] Related by Louachaet Annie.

424
* 575
* 796
539

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] what came for Hiawatha to do. Mythology and origins as to death connected [illegible] with the former seem to attract him. The principal duty of the Hiawatha is [illegible] the sin-god (conquer evil sin). The days of the sun are his symbolism. What ground is to a mind [illegible] Indian. In praying the Hiawatha has succeeded. I observed the following formulas: [illegible] Hiawatha, look on us where we are going, Hiawatha,' and Hiawatha answered, 'Take care of us, Hiawatha,' [illegible] to go constantly the ruler of the world, and does not interfere with the actions and thoughts of men. Views are given by Hiawatha, according to the tradition of the Hiawatha before the liberation of the sun, and before the world was made as it is nowadays, two deities lived on the earth: Hiawatha, Tekahionwake, Hahgwehdaetgah, and Ohyesaht. The sun existed in shadow the sun, but he was unable to illumine it. Then he went to them deities and asked their help. They ascended to the sky, and took the contents, which up to that time had been separated between heaven and earth, filling the heavenly orbs. The sun appeared, but he shone dimly, as though darkened by clouds. The eyes ascended to heaven through the rift made by Hiawatha's wife and found there a beautiful prairie country in which all the birds lived. Hiawatha's wife and the feathers painted them beautifully and sent them down to earth, giving each his song and his note. The raven was not content with the sun, and resolved to try and find a better one. He flew to the house of a great chief, who kept the sun's rays (as daughter of sky-maiden they is thought). The sun's rays was a small round receptacle closed all around like an egg. The chief guarded it jealously, and kept it suspended from one of the rafters of his house. The raven knew that he could not obtain it by sheer force, and resorted to a ruse. He assumed the shape of the leaf of a spruce tree, and let himself drop into the pool from which the chief's daughter used to take water. The girl drank from the pool, swallowed the leaf, and thus became with child. She gave birth to a boy, who was the raven himself. The old chief loved the boy dearly, and allowed him to play with the sun's rays. This was what he desired. He ran out of the house, broke it, and flew away in the shape of a raven.

After the sun had thus been obtained Hiawatha said: 'Let us make men.' He made the image of a man out of wood, but he was unable to endow it with breath. Hahgwehdaetgah and Ohyesaht tried likewise to carve human figures and to give them life, but they failed. Finally, Tekahionwake carved the figure of a man and endowed it with life. He made a man and a woman in each country, and they became the ancestors of all the numerous tribes. Then Hiawatha's wife gave them their arts. He taught them to build canoes, to catch salmon, to build houses. He made rivers everywhere, that men should have water to drink, and that the fish might go up the rivers to be caught by men.

The Hiawatha believe that Hiawatha's wife and his brothers still continue to give new ideas to men. They say that any new design of painting or carving, or any other new invention made by a member of their tribe, has been given to him by Hiawatha's wife.

The religious side of the potlatch and of the secret societies has been referred to above.

The soul is believed to dwell in the eyes. It is similar in shape to a bird inclosed in an egg. If the shell of the egg breaks and the soul flies away its owner must die. Shamans are able to see and to recover souls.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] living things of the kind of all animal beings. While she is making the [illegible], she sings:—

[illegible]

Another deity living in the House of Shiwe is the mother of flowers, called Yanahiwaye (Plate V, Figs. 1 and 2), the daughter of Awakye'ta'kia. It seems that this has some reason "going to the right." This evidently refers to the fact that the sun is believed to move on his path towards the west, first towards, and consequently during the spring months towards the sky moving towards the right; so that Awakye'ta'kia, moving to the right, means at the same time the springtime, when the sun is moving up the sky. This is the time when flowers begin to sprout. Every spring Yanahiwaye gives birth to all the plants in the color in which they begin to appear. It therefore is called to her aid by two old women who assist her (Plate X, Figs. 6 and 11).

Every year at the time of the winter solstice, the deities determine who shall die during the ensuing year. Two beings called Kokokwai'ki, six centimeters are placed on the ends of a long plank, which is supported at its centre, and swings like a seesaw. Then all the men and all the animals are called to stand near the ends of the plank. When one of the swinging beings falls down from the plank, the person standing near it will die sooner than the one standing at the opposite end. The deities have a messenger called Ospeshan'kiaka (that means "long ear"), who carries all the news from our earth up to the House of Shiwe. Ak'ush'ai'e has two children,—the elder, who is called Ana'hiwaka Ak'ush'ai'e, that is, "the foolish son of Ak'ush'ai'e" (Plate VII, Fig. 6), and Ts'ewawi'e Ak'ush'ai'e. I have not been able to learn any thing in regard to the functions of these two beings.

While Shiwe and Ak'ush'ai'e are principally concerned with the fates of mankind, they do not personally interfere with the doings of men. Their thoughts are carried out by four brothers, who are called collectively Mawasiwi'ki, or Ehuk'i'wayuma (Plate VIII, Figs. 1–4). These brothers are Hu'upa'thlalu ("the one who finishes his work by chopping once"), Yele'-thlawi ("the one who finishes his work by rubbing once"), Mu.'upa'wathla ("the one who finishes his work by cutting once"), and It.'ia'ia'ki'. They have a sister called Ts'iyaimiko. These four brothers live in an elevated room in the rear of the House of Shiwe. They are engaged in carving and painting. It is said that they gave man his arts. They taught him to build canoes, to make bows, to build houses, and to carve in wood and to

guests. They taught him the methods of hunting, and, according to some, they made the fish. The Bella Coola say, when carving a design, that Nuxsmaid'zits gives them the idea which they are working out.

Gōnō has a daughter named Sp'ē'q'ē'ne'ts, who invented the art of working cedar-bark. She figures in the ka'ūsut ceremonial, during which the invention of the preparation of cedar-bark is represented. The deity has an assistant called Gmaxmo'k·, who supports the stick over the edge of which she is breaking the bark. When first breaking bark, she chants, "Kwāx sīsp'ēnaxs ā Gmaxmo'k·stūx" ("Bring to me Gmaxmo'k·"). After he has been given to her, she chants, "Kwāx sīsp'ēnaxs to tqwā'tsūx" ("Bring me the board on which to break the bark"). After receiving this, she demands the cedar-bark bundles, saying, "Kwāx sēnkqwaxā'ts ā q'ā'k·ats." Finally she asks for cedar-bark, saying, "Kwāx k·'ūsēt Gmaxmo'k·stō ā q'ā'k·ēmas." Then she begins to work, singing,—

"[illegible]
[illegible]"

("[illegible]
[illegible]")

It appears that most of the Bella Coola maintain that the Raven also lives in the House of Myths, but this point of their mythology is somewhat obscure and contradictory. According to the tradition of a number of families, the Raven was one of the beings sent down by Sīsiūtl to our world to become the ancestor of men, but at the same time it is told that he invented certain arts. It is stated that he made the first salmon-trap (sn·ek·'s'ēl), which is used in connection with the salmon-weir.

It is also said that Nuxsmaid'zits attempted to make the whistles for the winter ceremonial, that he was unsuccessful, and that the Raven succeeded in making them; also that the Raven came down to give the world its present shape. He instituted the festivals of the Bella Coola, and then returned to the House of Myths.

Besides all these deities, there are nine brothers and their sister particularly concerned with the observances of the ka'ūsut ceremonial (Plate IX, Figs. 1–9). The names of the brothers are, Xtmaxtmaid'zits, Xt'mxiwa, Omq'umk'ūk·a, Q!a'mxiwa, Aimaid'zits, Al'umk'ūk·a, K·k!'lūx, Q!aaxt'wa, Al'umk·; and of their sister, t!'tsut'sp!ts!ana. These deities are painted with certain designs. Xtmaxtmaid'zits and Xt'mxiwa are painted with the designs of the full moon (the former carries a staff wound with red and white cedar-bark); Omq'umk'ūk·a and Q!a'mxiwa, with the design of the half-moon; Aimaid'zits and Al'umk'ūk·a, with the design representing the stars; K·k!'lūx, with the design of the rainbow; Q!aaxt'wa, with the de-

[illegible]

[illegible] ceremonial, and sometimes in the kivas. The following song belongs to the ninth and dance :—

[illegible]

[illegible] sun, as though you had left me! I shall be up on the top, across the sky line at daybreak.")

[illegible] An animal stands on enormous paws which is called Nanaiwa'ipanna (I have two). It supports the sky, and prevents the sun from falling down into the lower world. The trail of the sun is described as a bridge which was built by Mammoshi'ntis. The bridge is so broad as the distance between the winter solstice and the summer solstice. The sun walks on face turned towards the west. In summer he walks on the right-hand side of the bridge, in winter on the left-hand side of the bridge, which explains the varying heights of the sun in the course of the year. The extreme right and extreme left of the bridge are called Ba'ipan ("the place where he sits down," that is, the solstices). At each of these points a being is placed who is called Ashi'wi'lanne (Plate X, Fig. 3). It is their duty to see that the sun does not tarry too long at the solstice. If in summer or winter he should be inclined to stay too long or to return too soon, they regulate his course. When the sun tarries too long at the winter solstice, the people say, "Ita mits pa'ssin" ("whereon will he drive) into this year"). If he leaves it without tarrying, they say, "Ak'i'e mits pa'ssin" ("soon we shall dry salmon"). Three guardians named Nanaiwip'onnis (Plate X, Fig. 1) accompany the sun on his course, dancing around him all the time. The hole is called Iwa'wanna ti Mam, t'sin ("the eye of our father"). A sunbeam that appears westward from the sun is called Anapa ti Mam, t'sin ("the painted face of our father"). The Zuñi Cuñis believe that when it drops down to our earth, it causes epidemics. During an eclipse the sun is believed to lose his torch. The rays of the sun are his eyelashes.

There are twenty-four guardians appointed to take care of the sky. They are called Nenalok'a'k'i. According to tradition, the sky must be continually fed with firewood. Once upon a time they put too much firewood into the sky and made it burst. All the pieces except one, called K'ia-wai'sonn, fell down to our earth. The fragments hit the faces of the twenty-four guardians, and distorted them. They tried to mend the sky, but did not know how to do it. They went down the river, and came to Mammoshi'ntis, whose assistance they asked. Mammoshi'ntis gathered up the broken pieces, and glued them together. Up to that time the Sun had said in the east, but now he began to go on his daily course. At that time Mammoshi'ntis built the bridge over which the Sun travels every day. He placed a wedge in the opening of the sky, into which the Nenalok'a'k'i

[illegible]

[illegible] 49

[illegible] opening is called [illegible] that is, 'mouth kept open by means of a stake.' [illegible] spoke: 'The sky might not have spoken. This wedge shall keep its mouth open.' The following [illegible] refers to these matters:—

[illegible]

[illegible]

The world is called [illegible] or [illegible], that is, 'the land below.' It is an island swimming in the boundless ocean. In the far west a giant is sitting with legs apart, who is called [illegible]. He holds a long stone bar in his outstretched hands. The earth is fastened to this stone bar by means of two stone ropes. Sometimes he gets tired, and moves the hands to take better hold of the stone bar. Then we have an earthquake; and the Bella Coola say, 'Qumk-tpaik-tsumus,' that is, 'he takes hold of our world.' When he moves our earth westward, we have optimum. When he moves it eastward, all sickness disappears.

In the ocean lives a being called [illegible], who never rests; day and night he sucks the water of the sea and gives it forth again. This is the cause of the tides. A monk representing this being appears in the [illegible] ceremonial. He is represented as a human being, the face of which is painted with white stripes, which symbolize the various kinds of the sea.

The world below us is the country of the ghosts ([illegible]). It is called Asiatl'aum. Descriptions of the ghosts' country are principally obtained from shamans who believe they have visited that country during a trance. According to the statement of an old woman who believed that as a little girl she had visited the country of the ghosts during a trance, the entrance to the country of the ghosts is through a hole situated in each house, between the doorway and the fireplace. The country of the ghosts stretches along the sandy banks of a large river. There is a hill behind their village, the base of which is covered with sharp stones. When it is summer here, it is winter there. When it is night here, it is day there. The ghosts do not walk on their feet, but on their hands. Their language is different from the one spoken on earth. The souls, on reaching the lower world, receive new names. The village of the ghosts is said to be surrounded by a fence. They have a dancing-house, in which they perform

[illegible] 95

[illegible] of them he gives to the chosen [illegible]. A third spirit is the Bush [illegible] which is believed to live in trees, and to have the shape of a [illegible] animals. When a diviner who is inspired by this spirit enters an incantation to a beam, singing and dancing, as all the chosen do, whoever approaches the beam and hears the song runs back. They believe that whoever passes the beam during the incantation will be punished with death by the spirit Bush.[illegible]

I believe this spirit is identical with [illegible], who we noted before, but the second name [illegible]. According to [illegible], some diseases are ordained by the ghosts. He says that the ghosts are believed to have [illegible] heads and bite them. I am under the impression, however, that the people ordained by them are not diseases, but certain demons (see [illegible]).

Another being who ordains diseases is described in the following tradition:—

Once upon a time there was a man and a woman who had two sons. The three older sons died. Then the father and mother and the youngest brother were very unhappy, and the old people cried for grief until they died. The young man was now left all alone. He left his village, intending to go away and never to return. He pulled his blanket over his head and walked on. Sometimes he would stop to pray. He lived on the seed of watermelons which he ate. He built a small hut high up on the mountains, and dried the seeds. He was crying and praying all the time. He prayed to the Sun to give him a gift which would restore his happiness. One day early in the morning he ascended the mountain. He addressed the rising Sun, saying, "Look at me, how unhappy I am." After he had gone a short distance he came to a ravine. The bed of the ravine was filled with pretty pebbles. There he met a beautiful man, who was no other than the Sun, who had descended from the sky. He had caused the water of the creek that runs through the ravine to disappear. When the young man saw the stranger from a distance, he thought, "He seems to be looking for me." He went nearer; and when they met, the Sun said, "I am the one to whom you are praying all the time, and I come to help you. Now be happy. When you open your mouth and speak to me, I know your thoughts at once. I help those who address themselves to me. Take this." With these words he handed the young man a switch carved in the shape of a man. The Sun was carrying it under his arm, the point of the switch directed downward. "Fold your arms and hold the switch in your chest, and then return to the village. When you approach any one, hide the switch under your arm. You will find a person who wears a new ornament of beautiful green color. Then you must try to hit the ornament with this switch, and throw it to your right side."

[illegible] called on, and after a while he noticed a man sitting in a thicket. There he hid his clothes under his arm. When he came near, he saw that the man wore a large green covering. He hid a knife his clothes, and threw it to the right-hand side. Then the man said, "You have obtained as an [illegible] helper. Your name shall be Pūkawa (from 'pūkaw,' 'dead'). Many people have seen me, but nobody has done what you did. If you had not struck my [illegible], you would have died on seeing me. You shall have the power to heal the sick by the touch of your hands. Whenever a person dies and a pet tree, after the tree has been placed in the [illegible], go there. You will find me sitting on the coffin. If here you touch the covering from out of my nose, I shall leave, and the dead will revive. He will drink the tea, and will live."

Then the young man felt very glad. He returned to the village, and by following the instructions of the spirit he resuscitated the dead. He was given many blankets, and the men whom he had resuscitated gave him their daughters in marriage.

Other shamans are initiated by a bird-spirit-man. The same man who gave me the record of his supposed visit to the country of the ghosts (see p. 96) told me that on another time he saw a bird-spirit-man flying in the air outside of his house. She wore a ring of red underbark around her neck. She was turning round all the time. Songs were coming from all parts of her body. Although she did not open her mouth, it sounded as though a great many people were singing. She gave him a song, or, in the narrator expressed it, "she threw a song into his body." At that time he was sick, suffering from a wound in his leg inflicted by an axe. He said four days after meeting the spirit he was able to walk, and since that time she has assisted him in curing diseases.

The s'ōtan, is another helper of the shamans, and the means of curing diseases (see p. 98). It appears that it obtains its supernatural power from the fact that it lives in the water in which the supreme deity washes her face. When a person sees a s'ōtan, he should throw sand on it, by which means he will be able to catch it. Its skin is so hard that it cannot be pierced with a spear or knife. The person who catches it should not try to cut it with his knife, but should scratch his hand backward, and thus he will find the 'eye' of a body, which is the only thing that can cut its skin. He should not touch the s'ōtan with his hands, but hold it with hemlock twigs. He should wrap it in white underbark and tie it up in his blanket. If it is not done that up, it will disappear. It must not be taken into the house, but should be placed in a small box and hidden under stones, or buried in a hole under the root of a tree. It is a most potent means of curing disease. Sick people will buy small pieces of the s'ōtan, for which

they pay high prices. The place is thrown into water, in which it is kept for four days. Then the water is used for washing the body. If a healthy person uses this water, he will live to an old age. Sick persons chew the white cedar-bark to which it is wrapped up, in order to regain health. They must not swallow the cedar-bark, but only the saliva that gathers in their mouths. A person who has chewed the cedar-bark becomes invulnerable. The eye of the sl'ats'a, is described as about a foot in diameter, and as transparent as rock crystal.

Tsal'lax'it is the spirit who protects the mountain-goat hunter. He himself is invisible; but great hunters sometimes see his hat, his snowshoes, or his mountain staff moving ahead. The following tradition describes some of his characteristics:—

The Raven and the Lynx lived in one house, each occupying one side. Early in the morning the Raven went out to catch salmon with the harpoon. He was very successful, and carried the fish home. Tsal'lax'it watched the Raven, who, when he arrived at the house, roasted his salmon. The children of the Lynx were sitting near by, and looking at the Raven while he was roasting the fish. They wished to participate in the meal, but he did not give them anything. Then the children were very sad. Now the Lynx made up his mind to make arrows and to go hunting mountain-goat. He went out and cut some wood for his arrows; then he told his wife to make a quiver, which he called Ts'a'lapala. She did so, and wove a quiver of cedar-bark. The Lynx was quite impatient for the sun to rise, so eager was he to start hunting. Early in the morning he arose and ascended the mountain. When he reached the limit of the trees, he sat down on a flat rock and looked for goats. Then he saw the staff of a man who was coming down the mountain. He did not see the person himself. He thought, "Who is that? Who may be hunting here?" The stick approached him; and when it came near, he saw Tsal'lax'it, who wore a large hat. His hat was named Q!ā'ē. (that means a "barren mountain-top"). Tsal'lax'it reached the Lynx, and sat down opposite him. Neither spoke a word. After a while Tsal'lax'it arose, took the arrows of the Lynx, and said, "How beautiful these arrows are!" He took up one after another until he had looked at all the four arrows of the Lynx. Then he asked, "Who made these arrows?" The Lynx did not reply. Tsal'lax'it asked again, "Who made these arrows?" Then Lynx replied, "Tsal'lax'it made *my* arrows." Then Tsal'lax'it was very much pleased, and said, "Is he the one who made your arrows?"—"Certainly," replied Lynx. Then Tsal'lax'it took his arrows and threw one after another down the mountain, and said to the Lynx, "Now go down the mountain and look at your arrows. If you spoke the truth, every

one of them will have killed a large mountain-goat." The Lynx descended the mountain, and saw that every one of his arrows had killed a goat. Then he was glad, because now he had food for his children. He jumped and danced for joy. And Tsa'lax'it said, "I am Tsa'lax'it. I am so called because I am the mountain-goat hunter. Now return to your village. From now on, I am your supernatural protector. The next time you go hunting, and you do not find any mountain-goats, sit down and throw your arrows down the mountain. Every one will kill a goat. But do not lose these arrows. If you should lose them, you would never kill another mountain-goat." The mountain-goats were so large, that Lynx took only their fat, which he put into his quiver and climbed down the mountain. He arrived at his house in the afternoon. He left his quiver outside, and the Raven saw him coming in. The Lynx sat down by the side of his wife. He did not say a word. His wife and his children also received him in silence. In the evening, when it was dark, he said to his wife, "Go and fetch my quiver. It is hanging outside on a stick." She went there and tried to lift it, but it was too heavy. She returned to her husband and told him that she was not strong enough to lift it, and asked him to fetch it himself. He said, "It is not heavy." He went out himself and brought it in. He opened it and took out the fat; and he gave some of it to his children, but he did not give any to the Raven's children. Then the Raven was very sad. After a little while, the Raven's children began to cry, because they wanted some of the fat.

Early the next morning the Lynx went to fetch the meat of the mountain-goat. The Raven watched him, and saw where he went. When he saw that the Lynx had killed mountain-goats, he made up his mind to go hunting too. He told his wife to make him a quiver while he went out to cut wood for his arrows. In the evening the quiver and the arrows were done. In the afternoon the Lynx came home, bringing the meat of the mountain-goats. Early the next morning the Raven started, following the tracks of the Lynx. He reached the place where the Lynx had sat down. He sat there, and placed his arrows by his side. He looked around for mountain-goats. After some time he saw a staff moving along in the distance. It approached, and soon he saw a man coming down the mountain. It was Tsa'lax'it. He reached him, and sat down opposite the Raven. They did not speak a word. After a while Tsa'lax'it arose, took up the arrows, and said, "Man, your arrows are beautiful. Who made them?" The Raven did not reply. Then Tsa'lax'it said again, "Tell me who made your arrows." Then the Raven answered, "The name of the man who makes my arrows is Raven." Then Tsa'lax'it took the arrows, threw them down the mountain, and said to the Raven, "You are bad!" And he turned back, and ascended the mountain. The Raven went down the mountain, trying to find his arrows.

They had let a stone, and their paints were broken. He cried there some time, and when it was nearly dark he returned home. Before he reached his house, he cut his own belly and took out some of the fat from his intestines. He cut it in five pieces, and replaced his intestines. He put the fat into his quiver. When he reached his house, he hung the quiver up outside, and entered. He lamented everything the Lynx had done. When it grew dark, he told his wife to fetch his quiver. She brought it, and he told her to open it and to feed his children. She took the fat out, placed it on a stick, and put it near the fire; and as soon as it grew warm, the Raven cried, "This! Don't put it so near the fire. I feel sick when you do so." He jumped up took hold of the fat, and put it back to his belly. The Lynx said, "Formerly I fed your children, but you were the first one to treat me properly. You did not give any food to my children." Then the Lynx took some fat, and flung one piece to each of the Raven's children. He cut some more and gave it to them also. Then the Raven said, "I will give you one of my children, that it may grow up to company with yours."

It is said that the former spirit Tsi'lan'k was killed at one time by an Indian who took his place. This tale is recorded in Chap. IV. It belongs to the tribe of the village Nuxo'q'l. A similar tradition is told of Anau,[1] by which name the Carriers call the Raven, their principal culture hero. Many traditions referring to Anau are common to the Carriers, the Bella Coola, and the Awi'k'enox of Rivers Inlet.

The Bella Coola believe that a being called K'wun is the father of all mountaingoats. When a hunter meets him, he thinks he sees a kid. Then he should close his eyes and open them again. If the animal is K'wun, it will appear in its real shape as a buck of enormous size. The hunter should then ascend the mountain. If he should descend, he would fall and die.

The thunder-storm is produced by the Thunder-bird, who lives on the mountains, in the company of a number of spirits, who are considered his particular friends. The Thunder-bird himself is represented by a black mask with red materia. The nose is strongly curved, the forehead bulges forward, and the chin protrudes almost as far forward as the nose (Plate XI, Fig. 1). His herald is called Atsa'a'tsaoom (Plate XI, Fig. 2). His face is painted with orange and blue stripes, and he carries a speaker's staff, which is painted with spirals of the same color. He watches the door of the Thunder-bird's house. In his house live the Rabbit (Plate XI, Fig. 3); the Owl, who is considered the rival of the Thunder-bird (Plate XI, Fig. 4); the Mountain, t'o'qas (Plate XI, Fig. 5); the Raindrop (Plate XI, Fig. 6).

[1] Verhandlungen der Berliner Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte, 1894, p. 30.